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BOND XVI

REVISED TREATMENT

by

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A Coast Guard AWACS plane on patrol over the Caribbean. Inside the crew are plotting the course of a private plane flying toward an island in the Bahama chain. Radar operator plots course on chart off radar while officer looks on. He turns to communications man, "Tell Key West D.E.A. he's heading for Cray Cay". Aerial view of speeding limousine on the Seven Mile Bridge heading toward Key West, Florida. Seated in the rear of the limo are James Bond and Felix Leiter, resplendent in top hats, swallowtail coats and striped trousers. At the wheel is Jericho, a black friend of Leiter's acting as chauffeur for him. It's Leiter's wedding day. Bond is his best man. The telephone rings. Leiter answers it. After a few beats Leiter looks out and sees Hawkins, his assistant at the Drug Enforcement Agency, at the window of a Coast Guard helicopter skinning the water alongside them. Hawkins tells Leiter that Franz Sanchez is enroute to Cray Cay, forty-five minutes flying time away. Sanchez is the legendary Colombian drug kingpin, an ex-army officer known as Colonel Crack. Now with the D.E.A. Leiter has tried to arrest him for five years, but has never caught him out of his home base. So he has a problem. His bride is waiting at the church but Sanchez is a sitting duck. Leiter makes a quick decision, "Tell the Bahamians we're coming". "Already done," Hawkins tells him. Leiter tells Jerico to pull off the causeway at the next turnoff. The helicopter precedes them there. Leiter asks Bond to explain to his bride Della. Bond nods toward the driver, "Send Jericho. I'll come along as an observer. I'd

rather face Sanchez then Della". They get into the helicopter with Hawkins and the pilot who takes off.

Sanchez' plush private jet lands on a deserted strip at Cray Cay, a private Bahamian island. Fran Sanchez steps out first. He is forty, tall, strong, exuding authority and confidence. He has a rough surface charm but occasionally bursts into sudden murderous rages. Two of his most trusted men, Perez and Braun at his heels. Next is his current inamorata, Lupe Lamora, a voluptuous Colombian girl, winner of the Miss Galaxy beauty contest. He has pursued her relentlessly turning her head with gifts and attentions. Once happy-go-lucky, she now feels trapped by his possessiveness. Dario, chief Sanchez bodyguard, steps out last. Sanchez tells Dario to stay with Lupe in the plane. He will only be a few moments.

At the church beautiful bride, Della Dale, gradually grows less radiant as the last of the guests arrive. Among them is a chicly dresses striking woman in her early thirties, Pamela, who keeps herself somewhat apart from the others. Jericho hurries in looking for Della.

Sanchez and his men enter a low bungalow not far from the airstrip. A tough Colombian starts to get out of his chair. He is pushed roughly back by Perez. Sanchez says only one word. "Velasquez?" The man nods toward the rear doorway. Sanchez pushes the door open. Velasquez is nude in hot tub with two girls. His surprise turns to a smile as he recognizes Sanchez. "Hey! Amigo! What's happening?" he says. Sanchez eyes the girls coolly. "Leave us." They grab towels and scamper off. "I'm honored, but it's risky," Velasquez tells him. Braun, and Perez

walk around Velasquez. "Risky for you!" Sanchez tells him. He pulls a packet of hundred dollar bills out of his jacket and throws them into the hot tub. They scatter on the surface. "I sell real dope. I want real money." Velasquez looks at the money as the ink runs in the water. "I didn't know. It won't happen again," he pleads. "You're right!" Sanchez tells him. Braun and Perez lift the heavy wooden insulation cover for the hot tub and drop it on Velasquez. They stand on top of it forcing him underwater. His muffled cries gradually die out.

Bond's Coast Guard helicopter approaches the airstrip. Below they see Sanchez and his two henchmen heading for his jet. Leiter points below to a spot on the ground cutting off their escape. "Put us down there". Hawkins hands Leiter an M-16 and takes one for himself. They jump off the helicopter as it touches down and are met by a hail of gun fire from Sanchez' men. The helicopter pilot lifts off with Bond. While Perez and Braun give cover fire, Sanchez runs to Velasquez' single engine light plane parked at the edge of the runway. Bond sees him jump aboard. He tells the pilot to pick up Leiter and Hawkins. While he does so Sanchez taxis out onto the runway and starts to take off. Now back in the plane Leiter curses his luck. "We almost got the bastard!" "He's not away yet," Bond tells him. He asks the pilot to get up right behind Sanchez' plane which is just airborne.

While the helicopter maneuvers into position, Bond has Leiter lower him down on the cable of the copter's winch. Bond hovers above the tail of the escaping plane. Leiter, watching him, directs the pilot into position. Bond grabs onto the tail

of the plane and manages to attach the cable to it. He gives Leiter the "thumbs up". The helicopter pilot gives it full power and pulls back on the controls. Inside the plane, Sanchez realizes he's losing power. He increases throttle, but to no avail. The plane's nose drops toward the ground as it loses air speed. Finally it hangs nose down on the end of the helicopter's cable. Bond sits triumphantly on the tail plane.

At the church the guests murmur uneasily while Della waits in the vestry with the minister.

Coast Guard Base, Key West. The helicopter, carrying the plane, sets it gently down in the center of the parade ground. Fully armed guards surround the cockpit. Bond waits by the tail of the plane as Leiter jumps out of the helicopter followed by Hawkins and rushes to cockpit of the plane. He greets Sanchez as he opens hatch with a warrant for his arrest. "Welcome to the U.S., Colonel Crack." Then he gets into the helicopter with Bond and heads for his wedding.

<u>The main titles</u>. In the background we see the marriage taking place. It ends as Leiter and Della, followed by Bond, come down the stairs of the church in a shower of rice.

As the car drives off with the newlyweds the crowd breaks up. Bond looks for a cab and notices Pamela, standing alone further down the curb. Interested, he joins her. She glances at him, then turns away. He hails a cab. One stops. "Can I give you a lift?" he asks her. After a slight hesitation she says "Thank you, no," and starts across the street. He accepts the rebuff with a smile and a slight shrug, then gets into the cab.

In the interrogation room at the Coast Guard base Sanchez

faces Hawkins and Killifer, a tough experienced D.E.A. agent. He's heard Sanchez has a standing offer of a million dollars to anyone who springs him should he ever be arrested. "Wrong!" Sanchez replies. "Two million." Killifer bristles. Where does Sanchez think he is? Some banana republic? He can take his bankroll and shove it. "Muy comico," Sanchez replies and assures them he will never stand trial. His preliminary hearing is in Miami that afternoon. "I'm going to escort you personally," Killifer tells him.

At the noisy, crowded wedding reception on the patio of Leiter's bungalow, Bond has been waylaid by several pretty girls fascinated by his looks and English accent. Della rescues him. Obviously old friends she holds up the ring, laughing, says it took a long while but was worth it. She asks Bond to get Felix who has been in the den since they got there. It's time to cut the cake. Bond is surprised when he finds Leiter engrossed in conversation with Pamela. Leiter is seated at a word processor. Stacks of files, etc. cover his desk. He doesn't introduce Bond who does it himself. She says her name is Pamela, shakes hands brusquely with Leiter and leaves. Bond turns to Leiter and lifts an eyebrow. "Strictly business," Leiter tells him, then changes the subject by thanking Bond for his help. Bond indicates the word processor. Leiter tells him the department wants a full report on Sanchez PDQ. Bond asks why it took so long to bag him. "Money," Leiter tells him. "Payoffs. Bribes. If they don't work he assassinates. Sometimes entire families". Bond says Della needs him. Leiter puts away a few diskettes and they go out to the patio where Jericho gives Leiter a present of three

unusual fishing lures. Leiter tells Bond Jericho is the best marlin man on the coast. He and Della cut the cake.

Sanchez is brought out of a military prison by MPs. A chain runs from his wrists to his ankles. Killifer waits for him at the rear of an armored van. Two other marshals lock themselves in with Sanchez in the rear. They padlock the chain to the side wall of the van. Killifer gets into the seat next to the driver, picks up a shot gun and holds it on his lap. The van leaves the prison, two squad cars ahead of it and two behind. A police helicopter accompanies the convoy.

The convoy proceeds at high sped. Inside the van Killifer looks back at Sanchez through a glass window. Sanchez yawns, as though disinterested. The convoy slows down approaching a bridge across the Keys. Halfway across a sign reads: CAUTION. BRIDGE UNDER REPAIR. A twenty foot section of railing has been replaced by a temporary wooden one. When the van comes abreast of it. Killifer smashes the butt of his shot gun into the side of the driver's head, stunning him, and then pulls hard on the steering wheel. The van crashes through the temporary railing, plunges into the river and slowly starts to sink. Inside the van the two marshals with Sanchez scramble madly to try and open the doors as water rises around them. On the bridge the squad cars screech to a stop. The police jump out and see the van disappear. The two marshals manage to force a door open and reach the surface, leaving Sanchez chained in the van. Under water a frogman appears out of the murk, swims in through the door, and puts an extra mouthpiece from his regulator in Sanchez' mouth. Another frogman at the front of the van does the same for Killifer.

Sanchez is cut free by the first frogman using bolt cutters. The two frogmen pull Sanchez and Killifer out of the van onto a three-man underwater sled operated by a third frogman. It moves away underwater as the police pull the marshals out of the water.

That night at Leiter's bungalow Bond is among the last of the guests to leave. Della and Leiter accompany him to his taxi. He is returning to London in the morning. Leiter has finished his report and the honeymoon will begin in the morning. It'll be a long one he tells Bond. He's retiring. He'll go partners with Jericho and he and Della will spawn a few sprats. Bond kisses Della, shakes hands with Leiter, says "Good luck, God bless," walks to his car and drives away. Leiter and Della wave after him, then head for their front door. She eyes him mock seriously. "What's this sprat stuff? Just a fish story or on the level?" He laughs, draws her close, kisses her, "Let's find out. We'll clean up, tomorrow." As they reach the door, he stops her. "Let's do it right." He picks her up and carries her across the threshold. Braun and Perez, two Sanchez hoods, are waiting for them with drawn guns. The door to the patio behind them is partially open. "I'm the one you want," Leiter tells them quickly, as he sets Della on her feet. "Don't hurt my --" Before he can finish Dario steps through the patio door holding a sawed-off shotgun. He hits Leiter with it on the back of his head. Della covers her face with her hands, horrified. Leiter slumps to his knees.

Milford Krest's Ocean Exotica Warehouse is a two-story clapboard building on a pier. Sanchez and Krest, a burly, coarse, florid-faced American drug distributor, are in an office

on a gallery overlooking racks of sea-shells and rows of tanks containing varieties of rare fish. A network of transparent tubing from a giant maggot incubator to the tanks serves as an automated feeding system. Krest's export business is a front for his east coast and Caribbean drug operations. Sanchez assures him his recent problems won't affect his ability to supply him. Krest can expect the usual delivery in forty-eight hours. He thanks him for supplying the men and equipment to spring him. Krest says Lupe is safe aboard his yacht. Sanchez tells him to fly her down to the casino. Krest asks if they should waste Killifer. Sanchez shakes his head. Killifer helped him. "Always reward loyalty. It's good business." He rises, opens door, beckons to Killifer seated in outer office. Killifer joins them. Sanchez indicates suitcase. "Your dough." Killifer hefts it. "All twenties," Sanchez tells him. "Difficult to trace. Somebody will pick you up tomorrow. Tell him where you want to go. I suggest Europe." Dario enters. He nods. They follow him out onto balcony. Below them Leiter, blindfolded, flanked by Braun and Perez, stands by a trapdoor through which sharks, penned in a steel net below the pier, can be fed. A rope over a pulley in the ceiling has a hook at one end for raising and lowering food. Leiter's wrists, bound above his head, are tied to one end of the pulley rope. Sanchez and Dario go down a staircase to him. Dario removes the blindfold. Leiter, still groggy, blinks in the light. Sanchez castigates him for daring to think he could destroy him. To Sanchez he is nothing but a cockroach to be stepped on. But he can be useful as an example of what happens to those who stand in his way. He gestures to

Dario who beckons two warehouse guards holding a side of beef. They bring it to the trapdoor and set the hook at the end of the pulley into a leg tendon. Dario opens the trap. The guards throw in the beef which acts as a counterweight pulling Leiter up and suspending him above the trap. Leiter looks down and sees the sharks in the net below thrashing about in a feeding frenzy. He is jerked up and down as it continues, then gradually moves lower as the meat is devoured. When his chest is level with the floor he looks up at Sanchez and gasps, "See you in hell!" Sanchez bends lower. "Yes, a living hell. Today is the first day of the rest of your life." Leiter falls into the water as what is left of the side of beef comes up through the trapdoor, huge bites ripped out of it. Leiter is now partially submerged and being attacked by sharks. "Pull him up," Sanchez orders Dario. "I want enough left for his people to see."

Next morning. Bond, in Key West Airport on his way to a boarding gate, passes a newsstand and sees a headline: COLONEL CRACK ESCAPES. He turns swiftly and races toward an exit. When he rings the doorbell at Leiter's bungalow there is no response. He tries the knob. The door opens. He goes in, finds Della's body. She has been strangled. In the den, obviously ransacked, Leiter, wrapped in a rubber sheet, lies on a leather couch. Pinned to the sheet is a note. "He disagreed with something that ate him." Bond, harrowed, steadies himself. He unwraps bloody gauze bandage from Leiter's head. The hair is still wet. Bond sniffs his hand, then exposes Leiter's face. There is a faint exhalation from the lips. Bond picks up the telephone and dials 911.

Later. Emergency vehicles, a squad car and an ambulance are at the curb. Neighbors, cordoned off, stand further back. In the living room a forensic man chalks off the outline of Della's body where it was found. Paramedics come out of the den carrying Leiter on a stretcher. A doctor accompanies them. Bond stops him. "He's alive but unconscious and in shock," he tells Bond. "Lost the lower part of a leg. Might be able to save a badly damaged arm. Looks like he was mauled, bitten by a large animal." "His hair was wet with sea water. Could it be a shark?" "Possible." The doctor follows paramedics as they carry Leiter out the door. Bond goes into the den. Rasmussen, Key West Homicide, turns to him. "Who are you?" "Just a friend. I found them." Rasmussen shakes his head. "Whoever was in here cleaned the place out. Any idea what they wanted?" Bond shakes his head, but glances around to look for Leiter's files, etc. All he sees is a single diskette on the floor under a chair, evidently dropped there by one of the intruders. When Rasmussen goes to the door and asks the forensic man to come in Bond stoops quickly, picks up the diskette and pockets it.

In the Harbor Master's office Bond hands a message written on a telex form to a pretty girl operator. "Urgent to Universal Exports, London," she reads back to him, then looks puzzled. "The rest is gobbledygook. What are you? Some kind of secret agent?" "Just terminating a contract. Don't want the competition to get wind of it." He leaves. Outside Jericho is waiting for him. "Any shark attacks around here recently?" Bond asks him. "No, you gotta have deep water at night to get big sharks. Ask the boys over at Krest's. His business is selling

rare fish to zoos and aquariums all over the world." "Does he keep sharks?" "Great big ones. In a pen under his warehouse."

The two guards and Killifer are playing cards in an office at Krest's warehouse. They hear an approaching motor. Killifer, expecting to be picked up, goes to a window, looks out, and sees Jericho, alone on his fishing boat, coming toward the warehouse. He is towing a tarp-covered dory on a long rope. Killifer goes back to the card game. Jericho tries to maneuver so the dory will pass an access staircase on the landing platform at the seaward end of the pier. As it does, Bond throws aside the tarp but he is too far from the staircase railing to grab it. Instead, Bond jumps on a concrete apron under the pier. As Jericho moves away Bond sees he is separated from the access stairway by a hinged stainless steel mesh just above water level about three feet wide and twenty feet long. It prevents the sharks from getting over the top of the pen. He gingerly steps onto the mesh and walks toward the staircase. As he reaches it the mesh screen is hit a mighty blow from underneath. Bond, thrown into the air, manages to grasp the staircase railing with one hand. Looking back he glimpses the jaws of a great white shark disappearing into the water.

Jericho, in his boat, cuts the motor. It drifts as he looks back concerned toward the warehouse.

Bond jimmies the rear door with a small forked crow-bar. Inside he examines the tanks of rare fish. One is apparently only filled with rocks and sand. The base of the table supporting it seems suspiciously solid. He taps it, then rolls up his sleeve and reaches down to shift the sand. His arm is not

long enough so he uses the crow-bar. Suddenly a huge moray eel lunges out from the rocks. The eel's teeth grip the crowbar almost yanking Bond into the tank. He manages to wrest it out of the eel's jaws. Then he examines the maggot incubator, four feet wide, eight feet long. He operates controls. A high intensity light heats the interior. The side rolls out, revealing a heaving bed of white maggots. A thermostat on one side of the incubator registers a sudden drop in temperature. Upstairs in the office a red light flashes on a control board. One of the guards notices it, gets up, and goes out. Bond sees the shimmer of a small part of a plasticine bag in the sand. He reaches down into the seething mass of maggots, pushes some aside and uncovers more of the bag. He can see a pure white powder in it, unmistakably cocaine. Suddenly a gun is jammed into the small of his back. The guard tells him to freeze. Bond obeys. "Mind if I get my arm out of there?" "Do it slow." Bond pulls his arm out and throws a handful of maggots into the guard's face. As he flinches Bond kicks his gun away, punches him in the solar plexus and flips him over his shoulder into the maggot bed. Then he hits a button to close the incubator before the guard can get out of it. The guard's body heaves among the maggots. A rifle bullet splinters floor planks ahead of Bond. He dives under a tank as the other guard fires again from the gallery. Bond takes cover behind a tank. Another shot shatters it, drenching him. Bond and the guard then play cat and mouse as the guard starts to cross over a catwalk above the tanks in an effort to outflank him. Bond recovers his crowbar and knocks the guards feet from under him with it. He falls into the electric eel tank and is

repeatedly shocked before passing out. Killifer, behind Bond, orders him to drop the crowbar. He holds a gun in one hand and his suitcase in the other. He tells Bond to open the trapdoor. Bond does and sees the sharks thrash about in the pen below. Then he spots the hook on the rope from which Leiter was suspended. It is just above Killifer's head. The other end is coiled loosely on the floor next to his feet. "This where you put, Leiter?" Bond asks him. "Not me, old buddy. That's down to Sanchez and his boys." Killifer sets down the suitcase. "I'm sorry about this," he tells Bond as he levels the gun at him." "But two million bucks is a real nice nest egg." Bond reaches up, grabs the hook, pulls hard and drops to his knees. Killifer's shot barely misses Bond's head. His foot gets tangled in the rope. He falls heavily, partially into the trapdoor, only saving himself from going through it by grasping the edge. He looks up at Bond. "How's about a hand? The dough in that suitcase; I'll split it with you." Bond eyes him coldly. He picks up the suitcase. "You keep it, old buddy." He tosses the suitcase at him. Instinctively Killifer puts up his hands to catch it. As he does he falls with it through the trap among the sharks below. They attack him savagely. The case bursts open, stacks of bills fall out.

Bond pulls a fire alarm near the rear exit as he leaves. Bells sound. He hurries down the staircase. Jericho brings his boat alongside the landing platform. Bond boards. Jericho sees money floating on the water amidst a cloud of blood. "Forget it," Bond tells him. "It's blood money."

Next morning in a rented beach house Bond is on the phone.

Through other fishermen Jericho has located Krest on his yacht near the end of the Florida Keys. They arrange to meet at his boat. As Bond hangs up there is a knock on the door. Bond gets his PPK and cautiously admits M who has flown in from London. He gets to the point. "What's this about resigning, Double-O-Seven?" "A personal matter, sir." "There's nothing personal in our business. Has it something to do with Leiter?" Bond remains silent, not trusting himself to discuss it. "What happened to him was a risk in the line of duty." "And his wife?" M sits down wearily. "Let the Americans take care of it. You should never have become involved. We can't have MI6 mixed up in this. I'll keep your telex in my pocket. Your license to kill is revoked. You will have no contact with Her Majesty's government. In three months if you're clean I'll tear up your resignation Otherwise I'll sack you." "Thank you, sir." M gets up and goes to the door. He seems on the verge of softening. Instead he growls, "Take care, James" and leaves.

Off a remote island the Wavekrest is anchored in a deserted cove. Dive boats, two catamarans, and dive flags are set out around her. Jericho and Bond troll by on the fishing boat. Killifer told him Leiter was mutilated at Krest's warehouse by Sanchez. If he isn't on the yacht Krest might know where he is. Through field glasses Bond observes deck activity collecting marine specimens. He also sees Lupe in a bikini. Without realizing who he is she waves at Bond. He waves back. Krest, on the bridge with crewmen, trains binoculars on Bond, then looks back to aft deck and sees Lupe. "Get her below," he orders. "And keep those fishermen away." Bond watches as Lupe,

protesting, is hustled into a port. Voice over loudspeaker warns, "Stand off. Divers at work." Bond tells Jericho to get out of sight around a headland about half a mile away.

In a hospital intensive care unit Leiter is still apparently comatose as Hawkins and a uniformed guard converse in low tones. The fire department answering a false alarm at Krest's warehouse found evidence of drug activity and informed the D.E.A. Five hundred kilos of cocaine were in gravel under the fish tanks. Bits and pieces of a body in the shark pen have tentatively been identified as Killifer. A guard was discovered drowned in a tank of electric eels. "Another, hold your lunch, was suffocated in the maggot incubator." In the bed we see Leiter has regained consciousness. A slight smile indicates he has heard.

Night. Behind the headland a jetty juts out from the shore. Jericho's boat is tied up to it. Bond is in scuba gear. Jericho hands him a knife. "You find Sanchez, give him some for me," he tells Bond. Bond nods, slides the knife into a sheath on his belt. Jericho helps him over the side.

Aboard the Wavekrest on the deck, Krest, mildly drunk, looks through a window into the lounge and sees Lupe curled up on a couch watching a film on the VCR. He moves on. Underwater Bond approaches the hull of the yacht. He can see it silhouetted against the bright moonlight. The two crewmen on the bridge notice a blip on the sonar. They launch Sentinel, an exploratory probe for underwater surveillance. Bond sees a section of the hull slide aside. Sentinel emerges from a well area at the bottom of the boat. It is four feet long and three feet wide. A line unspooling from the yacht to the stern of the probe powers

its guidance system, searchlight and a TV camera which relays pictures to a screen on the bridge. Atop it is a water-tight storage compartment. Bond dives immediately before the searchlight switches on. Meanwhile Krest has entered the lounge. Lupe turns away from him. He sits down beside her. Isn't she interested in something more exciting than watching an old movie? "You're borracho," she tells him. "Go to bed." "Great idea," he says, putting his arm around her. She pushes him away. She'll tell Franz if he doesn't let her alone. "Not until tomorrow," he tells her. "Besides he's got lots of dames. He won't care." She tries to rise. He grasps her arm. "Why are you so stuck up? He fixed that cockamamie beauty contest you won." She breaks away from him and runs out of the lounge. "You won't last another month with him!" he shouts after her. Underwater the probe passes over a coral head. Bond emerges from seaweed around it. Krest goes on the bridge. In a foul mood he asks what's going on. Crewmen report something large on sonar. Krest blearily studies sonar monitor. "Just a big fish. Bring it back. We have to start loading." Probe heads toward yacht. Bond swims after it and hitches a ride to the Wavekrest. In the well area the operator pulls controls to open the hull and admit the probe. Then he secures cables from a davit above to the top of the probe and winches it out of the water. He closes hull door and leans over to make sure it is snug. Bond, who came into the well behind the probe, thrusts his fist out of the water and knocks him cold. He climbs out of the water, looks around for somewhere to stow the operator. Off to one side is a decompression chamber. He strips off his scuba gear, opens

chamber, puts the operator and the gear into it besides stacks of cubes encased in blue pla ic bagging. Before he can determine what the cubes are he hears someone enter well area. He peeks out window in the door of the chamber and sees a crew member looking about for the operator. Puzzled, the crew member hurries out as though to call others. Bond hastily leaves depression chamber, then the well area. He moves stealthily through crew's quarters and up another deck to the staterooms. He stops at a door lettered: Owner's Suite. He tries the door. It is locked. He tries to work the blade of his knife between the door and the jamb. Below in the well area two crewmen load the blue cubes into the Sentinel. A third has revived the man Bond coldcocked. He goes to a wall phone, and speaks into it. "We have an intruder aboard!" Bond gets the cabin door open. He enters darkened room noiselessly. Someone is asleep face down in a double bed. Bond approaches it. He grasps long hair, turns the sleeper over, puts his knife to the sleeper's throat. "A sound and you're dead," he whispers. Lupe wakes up, startled, wide-eyed. He realizes it's a woman who she is, quickly puts a hand over her mouth. He keeps his voice down. "Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you." She stares at him for a few seconds, confused. "Who are you?" "I was at Cray Cay. Is Sanchez here?" She shakes her head. "Where's Krest?" She finds her voice. "In the next cabin. This is his. He gave it to me." "You're not his girl friend?" "No. Sanchez'." She starts to cry. "I didn't know what I was getting into. The drugs, killing people. I wish I never met Sanchez. "So walk out." "It doesn't work that way with Franz." There is a noise in the corridor. Bond hastily

says he'll try to help her, goes out into the corridor and runs into an armed crewman, looking for him. Bond clobbers him, knocking him down. The gun fires. Bond runs up the stairs. The shot has alerted other armed crewmen. Several converge on Bond and cover him. He surrenders. They take away his knife. Krest, sobered up, is waiting for them in the lounge. Bond is brought in. Who is he? What does he want? Bond plays the fool. He was out for a moonlight swim, got a cramp and climbed aboard to recover. Krest laughs in his face. He gestures for his boys to beat Bond up. They knock him around brutally. Over intercom a voice from the bridge informs Krest a boat is coming alongside. Krest gestures for crewmen to bring Bond with him and goes out onto the deck. Lupe creeps upstairs unobserved into lounge. In the dawn light Bond and crewmen see Jericho's boat, commandeered by several of Krest's scuba divers, below them. "The catch" is hanging over the stern from the net boom. Two large sharks by the tail and Jericho, obviously dead, by his feet. Bond grips the rail, momentarily sickened. "Friend of yours?" Krest asks and brays with laughter. At that moment a plane is heard approaching overhead. Krest tells men to put Bond into the anchor locker. He'll deal with him later. He goes back to the bridge and orders radio man to tell the plane to land. On the deck crewman with gun prods Bond forward. Another leads the way. Lupe watches them through window. She hurries to the door and suddenly throws it open between him and the man behind him. Bond karate chops the one in front who drops. Then as the other goon comes around the door he lays him out beside his mate with a terrific right. Bond whispers to her "Thanks" and runs along the deck toward one

bungalow somewhat removed from others on the city outskirts. The ninjas open the booth, drag Bond out and hurry him into the house. He is taken into the basement where they strap him into a chair. Outside a car pulls up and a figure slips out hurrying into the house. A second figure rustles in the underbrush near the house. Is it being watched? Basement door opens. The figure from the car enters. It is Kwang. "Who the hell are you?" he demands. When Bond doesn't answer he smacks him hard across the face. He turns to ninjas one of whom is Loti. "Any I.D.?" "Only this," she holds up signature gun. They remove magazine, force the gun into Bond's hand and exert pressure on his trigger finger. The gun clicks. Kwang goes upstairs into front room where Fallon, an Englishman from Hong Kong, waits. Kwang shows him the gun. "It's his alright. We made sure." Fallon examines it. "He must be MI5." They go downstairs and confront Bond. Kwang explains that he is a Hong Kong DEA agent who has infiltrated the oriental drug ring. He and Fallon are irate that MI5 would attempt to kill Sanchez without informing them. Bond tells them he was not on an official assignment. Kwang blows his stack. He's spent years setting this up. They are on the verge of getting the last piece of the puzzle they need to break the case wide open. Sanchez is about to take them to his secret base of operations. Once they know that they'll be in a position to destroy the "invisible empire". Killing Sanchez now would leave the whole operation intact for someone else to take over. Luckily when Bond made a display of himself at the blackjack table Kwang suspected him of being a drug dealer and had him put under surveillance. They were able to foil his ill-

of the scuba divers we saw on Jericho's boat as he starts to climb over the rail. Bond leaps on his back and topples with him over the rail. Underwater he divests the man of his mouthpiece, air tanks, face mask, and knife. He puts them on as the other man resurfaces, sputtering. On the deck Lupe runs into Krest. "What's wrong" she asks innocently. He pushes her toward the stairs. "Get in your cabin and stay there", he orders her. The seaplane lands and taxies toward the jetty. Krest orders Sentinel launched. The plane stops beside the jetty. Bond, still near the hull of the yacht, sees Sentinel leave from the well area. On the bridge Krest is informed Bond has escaped. He orders pursuit. Bond grabs the Sentinel's umbilical cord as it passes. He pulls himself hand over hand along it as he is carried away behind the probe. Two catamarans search for him. In each are two armed men and a scuba diver holding a CO2 powered spear gun. A second diver is towed along behind on the end of a rope. His face is in the water as he looks down searching for Bond. At the jetty two rough-looking Colombian pilots stand on the plane's floats, waiting. Bond, still clinging to the probe's line, hears the sound of a catamaran's motor approaching above the surface. Then it stops. He lets go of the line and swims under the overhang of a coral formation. The Sentinel's line is now completely played out and the probe partially surfaces beside the plane tied up at the jetty. One of the pilots gets into the water and opens the storage compartment. He starts handing the blue cubes we saw previously up to the other pilot. On the surface the divers on the catamaran are peering down as though they had seen Bond and lost him. When the blue cubes have been

stacked inside the plane, the pilots remove a fake cover from one of the floats, revealing clear bags of powdered cocaine. They transfer them to the Sentinel then radio the Wavekrest bridge the exchange has been made. Krest tells operator to bring Sentinel back. Bond hears the probe's engine approaching, swims out from under coral formation and grabs the line. As Sentinel proceeds back toward yacht he opens the storage compartment and finds the cocaine bags. He rips some of them open with the knife. On the surface a long white cloudy trail of powdered cocaine stains the water. Krest orders the Sentinel to the surface. It takes Bond with it. Krest sees him dumping the remainder of the cocaine. Divers go over the side of a catamaran. One of them has a spear gun. Bond sees them and dives. He is almost exhausted by now and they overtake him. One of them tries to cut his air hose. Bond cuts his first. Krest man swims frantically to the surface. The other diver aims CO2 gun at Bond, who ducks before he can fire, swims behind him and wrests the gun way from him. A third diver looms up near him. Out of the corner of his eye Bond sees what appears to be a catamaran passing above him and fires the harpoon of the CO2 gun into one of the twin hulls. Holding on to the butt of the gun he is pulled up and away from the Krest divers. When he reaches the surface he discovers he has not harpooned the underside of a catamaran hull but one of the floats of the seaplane which is in the process of taking off. He manages to get to his feet so he is literally waterskiing barefoot behind the plane. (Note: See appendix B.) He gets closer to it by winding up the line of the spear gun. He then comes alongside the plane by moving away from it in a classic

waterskiing maneuver. Then he jumps onto one of the floats. As the plane rises, he shinnies up the float pylon, grasps the leading edge of the wing and pulls himself up on top of it. Colombian in co-pilot's seat sees him, opens door trying to shoot Bond. He looks under the plane. Bond is not there. He figures Bond fell off. He smiles and turns to tell the pilot. But is met by a punch from Bond's fist that knocks him out the open door. Bond had come in through the door on the other side of the plane behind the pilot. Bond throws himself to the rear of the cockpit as the pilot opens up with Uzi. Bond kicks the gun to one side. It fires wildly blowing out the windshield. The plane goes into a steep dive. Bond falls backward through the open window, the prop only inches from his head. The pilot pulls upon the controls causing Bond to fall back inside. He grabs one of the cubes and hammers pilot with it. Colombian slumps. The blue wrapping bursts open, filling the cockpit with a flurry of twenty dollar bills. Bond sits down in the co-pilot's seat and takes the controls.

Back at the yacht, Krest and crewmen are on deck as the seaplane buzzes them. Plane door opens. The pilot is dropped out. He comes down in the water only yards away from the rail, disappears momentarily and then re-surfaces, slightly less dead than alive.

In Bond's rented beach house the TV is on. Bond closes a large suitcase. Strewn about him are empty blue plastic bags. He sits down before a new computer. He slips in the diskette he found in Leiter's den. From it he learns Leiter wanted to arrange protective custody for someone in imminent danger called

Bouvier who can be contacted by calling 200-3036. A message should be left with a code word, Lexington. Bond calls. Message service operator answers. Bond says Lexington wants meeting with Bouvier and leaves his number.

He turns his attention to the T.V. at the mention of Sanchez' name. CNN Female Announcer stands at entrance with T.V. crew as guests arrive for a gala party. Sanchez, with Lupe on his arm, and entourage arrive. Announcer stops him asking about reports that this party has been thrown to celebrate his recent escape from custody in the U.S. Sanchez vehemently denies the story. He says the U.S. should not blame him for its problems. They should stamp out drug dealers in their own country. He knows nothing about drugs. He is a businessman running a gambling casino. "I love the American people. They are all welcome at my casino. And we have better odds than in the U.S. Only one zero on the roulette wheel." He looks past camera. "Excuse me I must greet my guests". As he steps away the T.V. crew is pushed aside by military police. They clear a path to entrance as Sanchez embraces man who steps out of limo with state flags flying. Announcer recognizes the man, "It is President Hector Lopez". He and Sanchez pass T.V. crew arm in arm. over T.V. monitor announcer speaks, "This ia Anna Rack for CNN News, Isthmus City." Pulling back from monitor we see Bond in his room. He switches off T.V. He returns to the computer and punches up a list compiled by Leiter of Sanchez' assets, bank accounts, real estate, securities, etc. The message service calls back. The operator tells him Bouvier will meet Lexington at 8 PM, Barrelhead, Bimini, that night.

In the Key West marina a sportsman works on a cigarette boat. Bond asks if he can rent it. "No way." "How much to buy it?" Sportsman looks him over. "More than you got, wise ass." "Name your price," Bond tells him. Sportsman thinks Bond is a nut. "Okay. A hundred grand." "Does that include a full tank of petrol?" Bond asks as he pulls cash out of his pockets and hands it to the astounded sportsman.

On the Bimini waterfront Bond's cigarette boat is tied up with small craft around the Barrelhead, a disreputable cafe. Bond enters and looks around. The place is a hangout for smugglers and other waterfront low-life. Three bored strippers go through the motions without attracting much attention. "Bouvier?" Bond asks the bouncer who gestures toward a shadowy figure alone at a corner table behind a bottle and two glasses. Bond makes his way to the table. Seated there is Pamela, the woman he briefly met at Leiter's. Now her hair is held by a headband and she wears jeans, shirt and a padded vest. "An unexpected pleasure," he tells her. "For a moment I didn't recognize you." "My work clothes," she replies and gestures for him to sit down and pour himself a drink. "Local rot gut." "Thanks, but --" he looks around, sees a waiter, beckons to him. "Vodka martini, shaken not stirred." Waiter shakes his head. "No fancy drinks. You take it the way it comes." Bond asks for vodka on the rocks. Pamela appraises him coolly, not overly impressed. "You wanted to see me?" "Leiter's in a bad way." "So I heard." "He wanted you protected. Why?" She shrugs. "Long story," she replies equivocally. "Sanchez has Leiter's files," he tells her. "He'll know if you were working with him."

She looks at him sharply. "You're English, not D.E.A. How do you know that? Who are you working for?" "No one. I'm on my own." After a beat she nods. "You were Leiter's best man. I think I know what you -- " She breaks off. "Shit! It's Dario!" She indicates entrance. Bond turns, looks toward it, sees him. She indicates three other Sanchez hoods who have come in rear door. "You carrying?" she asks Bond. He eases edge of his windbreaker slightly to reveal the butt of his PPK in a shoulder holster. She shakes her head derisively and leans back a little so he can see the 12 gauge shot gun sawed off to twelve inches she has on her lap. "If they start shooting just hit the deck and stay there," she tells him. As Dario arrives at their table he is joined by one of the Sanchez hoods who came in at the rear. Dario, feigning affability, tells Pam it's good to see her. He'd like to talk but not there. "She's with me," Bond tells him. "Stay out of this, gringo," Dario growls and puts his hand inside his jacket as if for a gun. He stops short, gasping, looks down. The nozzle of pam's shotgun is jammed into his belly. The other Sanchez hood tries to draw. Bond is too quick for him. He lays him out with a hard left hook. Pam takes Dario's gun out of his shoulder holster, stuffs it into her belt. The people seated around them scramble away. Others, further away, begin to react excitedly. The other Sanchez men push their way through them toward Dario. "How'd you come?" Pam asks Bond. "In a boat." He points to a wall. "The other side of that." "Let's go!" Pam tells him. As she turns away Dario grabs the bottle of rot gut and raises it to clobber her. Bond, who has drawn his PPK, hits him with the butt. Dario crashes to the floor. Some people,

rudely shoved aside by the Sanchez men trying to get at Bond and Pam, take exception. A classic bar room brawl ensues. Dario, forehead bloodied, staggers to his feet. He rallies the Sanchez men. Bond and Pam are separated in the general confusion. Bond looks around for her, sees her motioning for him to join her by the side wall. He fights his way toward her. Looking around, they see there is no way out. She turns, faces the wall, and fires her shotgun at it. Everyone freezes when they hear the blast, which blows a hole in the wall four feet in diameter. "Go!" she yells to Bond. He jumps through the hole, lands on a dock below, three feet from where his cigarette boat is moored. As Pam poises to jump through the hole, Dario, behind her, draws a second gun from a spine holder and shoots her in the back. The impact knocks her through the hole and into Bond's arms. They topple off the dock and into the water. Then he boosts her onto the deck of the boat and climbs up after her. Miraculously, she sits up, gasping, and gestures for him to get out of there. He starts motor. As the boat roars off Dario fires after them through the hole in the wall. Later, far enough away, Bond slows down. He is puzzled by her miraculous recovery. She strips off her vest. Under it is another one, bullet proof. "What the girl who has everything needs," he quips. "Mother said never to be without it. Where are you going?" "The airport. After Sanchez." "You're nuts. He's surrounded by bodyguards, protected by the army." "Leiter got to him." "And look where he is." After a moment she says her clothes are soaked. He points to steps leading to the fore cabin. "Try in there." While she is gone he consults charts. The engines start to miss. Then

they stop. Pam comes back in a terry cloth robe too large for her. "What's the problem?" He grins. "We're out of gas." "I haven't heard that one since high school." "Did it work then?" He looks toward shore. "It should take a couple hours to drift in." She eyes him with amused skepticism, "What do we do in the meantime?" Bond stretches out on a mat. "I suggest a nap". She sits next to him. "I had you pegged all wrong. When you came in I thought you were just a chauvinistic English wimp about to get his ass kicked." "What do you think now?" "You didn't get your ass kicked. I'm keeping an open mind about the rest." She leans over him. The robe opens. He reaches up and draws her down to him. They kiss. He starts to roll her over. "Careful, I have a bruised back, remember?" She sits up, reverses their positions. "I see I have to teach you some new tricks." "Surprise me." They laugh, kiss again. The night sky above them blazes with stars.

At dawn Bond is still asleep. The engines turning over awaken him. Pam, in her leather vest and jeans again, is at the controls. She revs the engines and drives it toward shore. Bond sits up. "You found the reserve tank." "Driving Cigarette boats is my profession. It's the vessel of choice for short haul smuggling." "What about long haul?" "Planes. I used to fly Air America for the CIA. Guns, people, money, whatever was needed. That's how I met Leiter. When contra funding dried up I went free lance. Dario hired me for Sanchez to fly what he said were Mexican illegals into Texas. They turned out to be Colombian hit men. I got indicted. I helped Leiter while he was trying to nail Sanchez. He said he'd get me off if I did." "Where are we

going?" he asks her. "The airport. We'll charter a plane and I'll fly you to Sanchez." "Last night you said I was nuts if I went after him. What changed your mind?" She smiles but doesn't reply. He grins. "Lets just say you slept on it."

At his desk in London M reads a memo. He goes into the anteroom and tells Miss Moneypenny there are five typing errors on the first page alone. What's gotten into her? She apologizes. She's worried about James. On her desk M sees a telex advising M16 that James Bond cleared immigration at Bimini on his way to Isthmus City today. "Who ordered a priority one surveillance on Double-O-Seven?" he asks. Moneypenny admits it was she. "I thought you'd want to keep track of his movements, sir." "Whatever he's doing has nothing to do with this office. I've told you that before." He goes back into his office and closes the door. Moneypenny looks at the telex again, then picks up her telephone. "Q, Moneypenny here, are you free for lunch?"

Aerial shot twin engine King Air over Isthmus City. Plane taxis up to private executive section of air terminal. Man comes out to collect baggage as Bond opens door of plane and steps out. He looks across the terminal to a plush executive jet with "Isthmus Casino" on side of fuselage. Mixed group of international opulent jet set featuring six men from the Far East disembark. Group is taken through side gate by custom officers and whisked away in limos. Pam joins Bond. "Pigeons Sanchez is bringing to his casino," he tells her.

At a posh hotel a bellboy precedes them into a luxurious suite. Puffing, he sets down the heavy suitcases and asks what's in them. "Money," Bond tells him jocularly, "I don't believe in

banks." He tips bellboy lavishly. After he leaves Bond inspects the suite. He sits down on the bed to test the mattress. "Don't get any ideas," Pam comments. "Last night was pure lust. Knocking off Sanchez will be tough enough without mixing up sex in it. What's your plan to get at him?" "He's going to find us," Bond tells her. He opens one of the cases. She whistles. "Whose is it?" "Sanchez'." He hands her a wad of money. "Buy some clothes. You're now my executive secretary. We're going to call at Sanchez' bank." "OK," she says and goes toward the door. "Start acting the part," Bond tells her, "Say 'Yes, Mr. Bond'". She gives him a dirty look, saying "I should always trust my first impressions," and exits.

In the Isthmus City bank Bond and Pam, appropriately dressed, meet with the manager. She is now a stunning blonde. Bond opens one of the suitcases to show the manager it is filled with money. He wants to open an account with an initial deposit of $5,000,000. There will be additional monthly deposits in the same amount. Responding to the manager's questions he says he is an independent entrepreneur specializing in Investment Opportunities. Presently he is on an extended holiday with his confidential secretary, authorized to act for him in financial transactions. He says he looks forward to his stay and would appreciate the manager's good office in arranging a credit limit for him at the casino. Two million dollars would be about right. The manager assures him there will be no difficulty with that. The bank's chairman also owns the casino.

That night Bond and Pam arrive at the casino in a chauffeured Rolls Royce. They are dressed in tuxedo and evening

gown. The casino is a five story building surmounted by a flagpole and a large satellite dish. The casino manager greets them deferentially and escorts them to the cashier where Bond signs against his credit for twenty ten thousand dollar plaques. The clientele is handsome and obviously well heeled. Bond and Pam are taken into a private gambling salon reserved for big betters. Included among them are the oriental group Bond saw at the airport. The group has one or two members from Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, Malaysia, and an impressive looking Chinese from Hong Kong. We later learn he is named Kwang. Bond tells the pit boss he wants to play blackjack at a private table. It is quickly arranged. Bond plays the limit on all the seats against the house. He starts by making some obvious mistakes, losing a few times. Upstairs in a penthouse office with a large picture window Sanchez and Shekli are watching a T.V. broadcast of a telethon fund raiser for the Oaxaca Bible Institute. Sanchez sits at his desk stroking his pet iguana. It wears a diamond collar. The T.V. program is hosted by an evangelist couple, Deedie and Joe Butcher, who reminds us of you know who. On T.V. screen, Deedie, with banks of telephone operators taking calls behind her, says that this week she has a special blessing for everyone, "Please read Matthew, Chapter 1, Verse 2".

In a highrise overlooking Chicago skyline several underworld types are also watching the same program. Boss Big Benjy reacts angrily. "One, two! Twelve bucks a gram! Sanchez is boosting his price again!" An underling tells him there is nothing they can do about it. They have commitments to deliver 500 kilos. Unhappily Big Benjy tells him to buy them. Underling picks up

phone. The program is obviously not only an appeal for charitable contributions but also to announce prices and receive orders of cocaine.

In the casino Bond tells the manager he wants to play with no limit. Upstairs Sanchez and Shekli are still watching the Deedie and Joe broadcast. She is announcing results. "And our wonderful Chicago chapel has just made a 500 dollar pledge. Thank you, thank you, Chicago and God bless you!" Phone on Sanchez desk rings. He picks it up. Pit boss tells Sanchez there's an English sucker who has already dropped five hundred grand and wants to play with no limit. Sanchez glances at eye-in-the-sky closed circuit screens showing action at various tables. "Which one?" he asks. Pit boss says table one. Sanchez looks at screen showing Bond at table waiting to hear if his request is approved. "He plays like a real jerk-off" pit boss comments. Sanchez says okay and hangs up. Pit boss nods to Bond's dealer who resumes playing.

At the blackjack table pit boss watches cards dealt out to Bond. On the first hand he splits two nines increasing his bet. On the next hand he doubles doubling-down on eleven. Pit boss looks away troubled. Bond is obviously not the pigeon the pit boss thought he was. On T.V. screen Deedie continues announcing donations as Shekli jots down notes on memo pad. He turns to Sanchez beaming, "They all accepted the new price," he chortles.

The ten thousand dollar plaques are piling up in front of Bond. Pit boss tells Sanchez the Englishman has recouped and is now 200 thousand up. Sanchez picks up phone. Lupe, bored, leafing through a magazine in the sitting room of a penthouse

suite, answers. Sanchez tells her he wants her. Shekli tells Sanchez Bond is the man the bank manager told them about. He flew in on a private plane that morning and made a cash deposit of $5,000,000. Lupe enters. Sanchez gestures for her to join him. He points to Bond on the closed circuit screen. She recognizes Bond at blackjack table, but conceals her reaction. Sanchez tells her to go downstairs, chat Bond up and get to know him. Bond continues playing and winning. Several of the orientals, including Kwang, and his beautiful young Asian companion, Loti, are now watching him play. Lupe enters, joins group at blackjack table. Bond sees her. He tells dealer he's taking a break, rises, and asks Pam to hold his seat for him. Startled, she takes a deep breath, sits down and gamely gives it a go despite knowing nothing about blackjack except what she picked up watching Bond. Others also seat themselves. As Bond passes Lupe their eyes meet briefly. Pam glances after him as he leaves private room, then sees Lupe follow him. In the bar Bond is seated in a booth as Lupe joins him hesitantly. Her natural inclination toward him conflicts with her fear of Sanchez. She tells Bond he asked her to chat him up and find out about him. She is afraid Sanchez might somehow learn about the episode on Krest's yacht. She begs him to leave. He asks her where Sanchez is. "Upstairs in his penthouse office," she tells him. "He's getting ready for some kind of a big meeting tomorrow and a party afterward". He asks her to take him to Sanchez. She stares at him. "Are you loco?" He reassures her, says he has important information for Sanchez who will be pleased with her for bringing Bond to him. Reluctantly she leads him to a self-service

elevator. On the way up while he checks out the inside of the elevator, he promises her that somehow he will reunite her with her family. When the elevator stops they go into a corridor where the Sanchez hoods, Perez and Braun, instantly cover Bond with revolvers. They frisk him and find the PPK in a shoulder holster. They take his passport. He says he came to see Sanchez. Perez takes Lupe into Sanchez. He and Shekli are still watching the Bible Institute program. Perez hands over Bond's passport and the PPK. She stammers that Bond insisted she bring him up. Sanchez looks over passport. It's alright, he tells her. He nods to Parez who goes to the door and beckons. Bond, with Braun covering his back, enters. Sanchez holds up the PPK. "Why, Senor Bond?" he asks him quietly. Bond explains he often carries large amounts of cash. Sanchez nods and turns to the T.V. screen where Bond sees Joe and Deedie conclude the Oaxaca Bible Institute program by reminding their listeners of an upcoming gathering and urging all who have been reached by their satellite anywhere in the world to attend if they can.

Bond steps up to the window over looking the city. "Beautiful view," he says to Lupe. He notices a small trademark logo in lower right hand corner of the window. It reads: "Armourlite-III" Looking up he see the bottom edge of the large flag flopping in the breeze. The flag pole is right above Sanchez's office. Looking down he examines the roofs of the buildings immediately across the street. Sanchez switches off T.V. and orders Shekli to make an anonymous donation from him of $10,000. "Wonderful work these people do," he tells Bond. "I always watch them. It is good for the soul." Assuming geniality

he then compliments Bond on his skill at blackjack. He indicates closed circuit screen where the plaques in front of Pam are considerably diminished. "Your companion is not so fortunate." Bond shrugs. "It's only money." Sanchez laughs. "I like your style. Your credit rating is impressive. What business are you in?" "Your business, Senior Sanchez. I distribute pharmaceuticals in London. That's why I asked your beautiful, charming Senorita Lupe to introduce us. I have a proposition that could be mutually profitable." Again Sanchez laughs, "Your direct approach is refreshing but I do not discuss business in front of women." He turns to Lupe. "I will see you later, muchacha." Lupe exits hastily. Sanchez indicates Bond should sit down in an armchair opposite him. Perez stands just behind him. "What is this proposition?" "I want the East Coast business." Sanchez turns to Shekli. "Have we business there?" he asks him ironically. "Let's not play games, Senor Sanchez. I'm interested in Milford Krest's operation." "Senor Bond, you come in here without references, carrying a weapon, talking about business I don't understand. What's your point?" "Krest is finished," Bond tells him, "The D.E.A. turned over his warehouse in Key West. They took everything. Krest's so desperate he's ripped someone off." "How do you know this?" "He's put 500 keys on the London market at bargain prices. It's hot, I wouldn't touch it." "I must look into this, Senor Bond, it will take a few days." "I'm at the Hotel Presidente," Bond tells him as he gets up to go. "Be careful, Senor Sanchez. It is dangerous to corner a desperate man." "Don't worry. I've known Krest for many years. We are hermanos, like brothers." Bond gestures

toward T.V. "Ask your favorite evangelists to tell you about Cain and Abel." They face each other silently for a moment, then Sanchez hands back his passport. He picks up the PPK. "For your own safety I will keep this until you leave Isthmus City. Meanwhile you are welcome to the casino at all times. If there is anything else you need I will be glad to accommodate you. I am well connected here." "So I've been told. Thank you."

Downstairs Bond rescues Pam from the blackjack table. "Where did you go with that hot tamale?" Bond is amused. "She took me up to Sanchez's office." Pam is startled. "So what happened?" "I gave him something to think about." He hands the plaques to the pit boss. "Credit these". They walk toward exit. "We have a problem. Sanchez is up there behind two inches of armored glass. I'd need a cannon to get him." Outside, as they drive away in the Rolls, Kwang and Loti look after it.

When Bond and Pam return to the hotel the concierge tells him his uncle has arrived and is waiting for him in the suite. Bond tells Pam to wait in the lobby while he investigates. He approaches the door of the suite cautiously, rings the bell, then flattens back against the wall beside the door and poses to karate strike if necessary. Q, all rigged out for a Caribbean vacation, opens the door. Bond relaxes and goes into the suite with him. Q tells Bond he is on leave and thought he'd spend it with him. Bond grills him and Q finally confesses it was Miss Moneypenny who kept tabs on him. Bond may not know it but she's been mad about him for years. "Really?" Bond exclaims, pretending surprise. Bond says he's in no mood for a vacation and Q had better enjoy himself somewhere else. Q then confesses

that without M's knowledge he's there to help. Leiter was his friend too. And he's brought along a few "bits and pieces" in his bag. Bond admits he could use some help. He needs a sniper rifle and some plastic explosive. Q opens his bag and holds up what looks like a family size tube of tooth paste. "Latest plastic issue," he tells Bond. "We call it dentonite." He then removes several other disguised objects, actually components of a "signature" gun. He assembles it as he explains the stock contains a sensor which reads the palm print of the shooter. After he programs it, no one but Bond can fire it. All new weapons issued to field agents will incorporate the signature feature.

Pam walks in on them. Bond introduces her to his "uncle " as his cousin. "Are we related?" Q asks obtusely. They laugh. She sees the signature gun. "Just who is this Uncle?" she asks Bond. "For that matter who are you?" "Just civil servants," Bond replies. Pam gets it, nods, "Like Leiter, only English". "Something like that." He then tells them tomorrow will be a big day. They have some planning to do.

Next night the Rolls Royce, driven by Q in chauffeur's cap, pulls up to the casino entrance. Bond steps out and enters. Casino manager approaches. Bond says he'll play later. As he walks toward the bar he notices two guards at the elevators watching waiters, all in tuxedos, taking food and drinks up to the party scheduled in one of the large banquet rooms. Bond slips into the hall by the service entrance. The waiters are coming and going from the pantry. Bond looks in. He grabs a towel, slips it over his arm, takes a service cart from several

lined up there and pushes it to the elevators. The guards detain him while they check out the cart. Then they wave him through to the elevator. Bond gets in. When the elevator reaches the fourth floor the door opens. Waiters waiting to descend look in. The cart is there, but no Bond. He has come out through the ceiling escape hatch and stepped onto the girders supporting the elevator shaft. He climbs up to the hatch opening onto the roof, goes to the flagpole right above Sanchez' office, and begins to untie the rope. In the conference room next to Sanchez' office a meeting is in progress. Around the table are Shekli, Colonel Rios, and the oriental group Bond saw arriving at the airport. Sanchez welcomes them. He hopes that this will prove to be a historically important meeting. They all know that he represents a drug syndicato that accounts for 80% of the world's cocaine production. But there is a vastly more important "invisible empire" which he controls. In order to insure the smooth running of his transportation activity it is necessary to purchase the goodwill and cooperation of many important politicians and law enforcement officers. Kwang interrupts, "In other words bribery". All laugh. "That word is too insignificant to describe our activities," Sanchez replies. "We control whole government departments, in some cases, whole countries. For example, the security of our shipping operations here is headed by Colonel Rios, the commandant of the President's personal bodyguard." Rios stands as the others applaud him. Up on the roof Bond removes his cummerbund revealing a climber's harness concealed underneath it. He slides the rope from the flag pole through it and steps over the parapet of the roof. He then

rapels down to Sanchez' window and sets the plastic explosives along its perimeter. Just as he inserts a remote controlled detonator he loses his footing and bumps against the edge of the conference room's glass window. He is not noticed since everyone is looking toward the wall map at the opposite end of the room while Sanchez explains the invisible empire now extends from Alaska to Chile. Rios who has heard Bond hit the window, gets up and looks out. Bond has flattened himself against the sheer face of the building so as not to be seen. After a few moments Rios resumes his seat. Bond scrambles up to the roof. Back in the conference room Sanchez indicates the other half of the map: Asia. "With your help, gentlemen, the invisible empire can encompass the entire Pacific rim. It will become our puddle." As Shekli hands out papers Sanchez explains he is prepared to grant exclusive cocaine franchise in asian territories and guarantee prices for five years.

Bond slips out the service entrance of the casino and gets into a black van parked there. Pam drives him into an alleyway by the building across the street from the casino. He gets out tells her to go back to the hotel and stays there with Q. He may have to wait for some time. He takes the signature gun and climbs up the fire escape toward the roof.

Back at the conference room. Sanchez asks each of them to pay 100 million dollars for the franchise. They seem prepared to go along until Kwang speaks up. He's not satisfied. He wants to see more of the operations before he commits himself. The others agree. Sanchez promises he will take them to his secret processing center by plane tomorrow afternoon. "But no more

business tonight," he tells them, "Enjoy yourselves." With that the double doors at the end of the room open revealing a fantastic buffet staffed by twenty gorgeous hostesses. Sanchez looks steadily after Kwang then goes into the hall with Shekli. Bond is on the roof across from the office when he sees the light go on in Sanchez' office. He quickly moves into position. He sets the detonator next to him, then adjusts the sights on his gun. He sees Shekli talking to Sanchez as he sits down at his desk. Shekli leaves the room. Bond hits the button of the remote control detonator. The windows blow out. The concussion knocks Sanchez out of his chair. He gets up groggily. Bond now has a clear shot at him. But before he can fire, he is set upon by two gray clad ninjas. A fight on the rooftop follows as Bond defends himself with a variety of martial arts all of which are skillfully countered by his adversaries. At one point he tries to fire his signature gun but cannot fight free to level it. Instead it is knocked out of his grasp when he is stunned by a hapkido kick to his head. The other ninja picks up the signature gun and tries to fire it at Bond. It doesn't discharge. Bond recovers to continue the fight until the ninjas fire concealed nets from their sleeves entangling him in them. The ninja with the signature gun clubs him over the head with the butt. Bond sags and the two ninjas hustle him off the roof through the access door. Ninjas emerge with Bond still groggy between them. A car draws up and stops beside them. Ninjas open boot, fling Bond into it, close boot, lock it, then get into the car which speeds away.

The car races through the streets. It stops outside a

timed attempt on Sanchez' life. Fallon asks Kwang what they are going to do with Bond. "He can sit here and rot," Kwang replies. "We can't have a lose cannon on deck." They go upstairs. At that moment the shell from a tank gun hits the bungalow and explodes, almost demolishing it. Outside General Rios, in a command car with Sanchez, is directing an attack by regular Isthmus City troops on the bungalow. Evidently Kwang had been followed there. Several more shells from the tanks hit the bungalow. Inside it appears that everyone in it has been killed or badly wounded. Rios orders soldiers to enter the wreckage. He and Sanchez follow them in. The ceiling has collapsed. Fallon and a ninja are dead. Kwang and Loti are still alive. Rios hands Sanchez a revolver. He dispatches them with it. They look around for other bodies and find Bond unconscious under a pile of wreckage. He is still strapped into the chair. Rios lifts revolver to kill him. Sanchez stays his hand. "He tried to warn me," he explains.

In the morning Bond awakens in a bedroom of the casino penthouse. Lupe sits beside him. She tells him she prayed for him. And for herself, too. She heard Sanchez tell Shekli that Krest is arriving on the Wavekrest that night. Sanchez enters with his personal physician, Doctor Mendez, who wears a voluminous camel's hair coat, a broad brimmed fedora and dark sunglasses. As Mendez divests himself of them, opens his bag and starts to examine the patient, Sanchez expresses his gratitude to Bond. From now on they are hermanos. And the East Coast territory might soon be his. They will discuss it when Bond has recovered. Dr. Mendez accompanies Sanchez into hall. Sanchez

tells him to give Bond a sedative to knock him out for six hours. Mendez goes back into Bond's room. when Sanchez reaches the elevator he tells a man standing there to stay and keep an eye on Bond. The man turns, it is Dario.

Inside Bond's room Dr. Mendez prepares the injection and is about to administer it when Bond deftly snatches the needle out of his hand and injects him instead. The astounded Mendez pulls away, staggers a few feet and collapses. Bond and Lupe rush to him. Outside in the hallway Dario, having heard the Doctor fall, approaches the door to Bond's room. He draws his gun and enters. Lupe is tucking the covers in around Bond's bed. Dario goes in and pulls away the covers. It is Dr. Mendez in bed sleeping peacefully. At that moment Bond smashes a lamp over Dario's head. It has little effect except to anger him. Bond manages to knock his gun away. There follows a furious hand to hand fight. While it is going on Lupe manages to prepare another injection. Dario clobbers her before she can inject him. He then gets his hands on Bond's throat to choke him. Bond's hand falls on the hypodermic. He jabs Dario in the butt. It knocks him out like a light. "What was in that?" Bond asks between gasps. She holds out a bottle. He reads the label, "Equine tranquilizer". It seems Dr. Mendez is a veterinarian. Bond drags Dario into the closet and locks it. He then tells Lupe it is her last chance to get away from Sanchez and Krest. Will she come with him? She is still shaken but agrees.

In the hotel suite Pam and Q, who have searched everywhere for Bond, are discussing what's to be done. She has obviously fallen for Bond in a big way. Q gives her a stiff upper lip

English pep talk. No one has ever gotten the best of Bond and no one ever will. She tells him to shut up and let her think.

Phone rings, Pam answers. It is Bond. He is standing at the pay phone in the casino dressed in Dr. Mendez' overcoat, dark glasses and hat. Lupe is at the bar as a look out. Pam is thankful he is still alive. He tells her he'll fill her in later. She should get down to the airport and find out where Sanchez is taking the oriental group they saw at the casino the other night. She should also make sure their plane is ready for a quick get away. They will rendezvous at the Harbour Master's office in the evening. Bond hangs up. He and Lupe slip out of the casino.

Taxi stops at bank. Bond gets out with two suitcases. He enters bank telling manager he is withdrawing all his cash.

At the airport Pam walks toward executive terminal. Suddenly several limos pull up to Gulf Stream II. Sanchez and oriental group emerge from them. He sees them onto the plane. Pam goes to desk at executive terminal and asks to file a flight plan. Receptionist hands over log book. She looks down list of flights. The Gulf Stream's destination is listed as Oaxaca, Mexico.

Later that night as the Wavekrest approaches the harbor entrance a pilot boat comes alongside it. Surprisingly Q is at the wheel and Bond in the stern as he lifts bulky fenders (bumpers) and ties them over the side. Attached to them is a coiled line on the deck. The pilot climbs up to the deck of the Wavekrest on a Jacob's ladder. It's Pam, who greets the mate in Spanish. As the pilot boat stands off the mate escorts her to

the bridge where she takes over the wheel. The pilot boat with Q and Bond follows behind the yacht as it heads into port. Bond, now standing beside Q, crosses his fingers. "With luck she'll make it." Before the words are out of his mouth the Wavekrest scrapes over a sandbar shaking up everyone aboard. Bond and Q wince. Krest strides out of the lounge. "What the hell is going on?" he yells. Almost immediately Pam runs the bow over an untended moored dory smashing it into splinters. The mate claps his hand to his forehead. At the berth Sanchez, Perez and Braun beside limos watch the Wavekrest coming in. As the yacht approaches them Pam turns to the mate, says "All yours!", throws the throttle wide open and ducks off the bridge. The mate grabs for the controls to reverse the engines. Too late. The bow crashes into the dock, demolishing part of it. Everyone aboard is thrown off their feet. General confusion prevails. Q maneuvers the pilot boat alongside the yacht. Pam runs down to the well area of the yacht. On the pilot boat Bond eases himself into the water. Q hands him a line attached to the "bumpers", which we now see are sacks. Bond then swims underwater pulling the line behind him. Pam, in the well area of the yacht pulls the control to open the hull door. Bond swims up through the well. He surfaces and tugs on the line. Q on the pilot boat feels it and cuts the bumpers free. They sink. Bond pulls the sacks up through the well. He opens one. It is filled with the packets of cash he withdrew from the banks. They begin to stack it in the decompression chamber. Krest directs crewmen to let down a gangplank. Sanchez et al come aboard and are greeted effusively by Krest. Sanchez, cuts him short. "Let's

talk about the dough you owe me." Krest, offended, gestures toward the lounge. Sanchez tells Perez to look around. Bond and Pam jump into the well. They disappear in the water, then resurface beside the pilot boat. Bond climbs aboard and helps Pam up. Q starts motor and heads the pilot boat away from the Wavekrest. In the lounge Sanchez eyes Krest dubiously. "Do I have this right? The guy waterskied behind the plane, jumped on it, and took off. Then he threw the pilots out and flew away with all my money. You expect me to buy that?" Krest starts to sweat. "Took every cent." Sanchez, glowering, asks Krest what he's trying to pull on him. Krest pleads his case. After all these years doing business how can Sanchez think he'd double cross him? Perez enters, whispers to Sanchez whose face sets grimly. He tells Perez and Braun to bring Krest with them and strides out of the lounge. Bond and others leap off pilot boat onto a dock and head for the black van. They pass Harbor Master's office. Through window there's a glimpse of Harbor Master and real pilot bound and gagged on the floor. Sanchez and group enter well area of boat. Perez goes to decompression chamber and points into it through glass window. Sanchez looks into chamber and sees the stacked packets of cash. Krest, looking over his shoulder, is dumfounded. Sanchez, enraged, attacks him. Krest falls, momentarily stunned. Sanchez grabs him by the back of the collar and drags him to the decompression chamber. He opens the hatch and pushes Krest inside. "You want my money. Take it!" He locks him in with it. Krest presses his face up against the circular window. His desperate pleas are muffled. Sanchez turns up the pressure inlet valve to full.

Immediately the depth gage needle begins to rise. Sanchez glances around the room. His eyes come to rest on a fire axe. He snatches it off the wall and steps up to the decompression chamber. Krest, sitting on the pile of money, is gasping for breath. His eyes widen as Sanchez shows him the axe through the window. The needle has now moved to indicate the pressure inside the chamber is at 500 feet depth. Sanchez examines the network of pipes servicing the chamber. Label on one reads "Vent". Sanchez smashes it with the axe. The pipe fitting comes loose with a blast as a jet of air vents from the chamber causing the pressure to drop instantly. Through the window Krest's face contorts for a moment then explodes obscuring the window with blood. Perez turns to Sanchez. "But the money patron?" "Launder it." Sanchez tells him. Shekli enters with two crew men holding up a still groggy Dario. He tells Sanchez Bond drugged Dario and escaped with Lupe. "He took all his money from the bank, over four million. Insisted on cash." Sanchez looks toward the decompression chamber. He realizes the money must have been put into it by Bond, not Krest. "Bond has done this!" He thinks for a moment. "He came in a private plane," then turns to the others, his eyes blazing. "The airport!"

It is now near dawn. Bond's van has stopped at the barrier of an airport gate. Inside it Q is putting the finishing touches to a new passport for Lupe made with a small document-forging kit. He affixes the proper stamp and passes it to Bond who hands them through the van window to one of the two guards who studies them. They wait tensely. The guard nods and returns them. Sirens are heard approaching. The telephone in the kiosk rings.

The guard answers it, listens, scrutinizes occupants of the van, nods, hangs up and draws a revolver. Bond guns the motor, crashes through the barrier and drives toward General Aviation parking area. The guards fire after the van. The Sanchez limo and Rios in police car reach the gate. Rios shouts who he is. The guards wave him on pointing toward the parking area. One of them gets into the limo to guide them. As they reach the parking area he points to the van beside the plane that Bond and Pam arrived in. It starts and taxis to a runway. The limo gives chase. The plane begins its takeoff run. The car draws abreast of it. Dario comes up with a Uzi and riddles the planes's fuselage. It veers off runway, crashes into the perimeter fence and noses over. The limo stops. Sanchez grabs the Uzi from Dario, runs to the plane and empties gun through the cockpit window. The police car stops beside the limo. Rios and cop join Sanchez. Cop shines his flashlight into the cockpit. It is empty. All turn to the sound from behind them of another plane taxiing. Pam is at the controls. As she turns onto the runway Bond emerges from behind parked plane, runs up to an open hatch and swings aboard. Q closes the hatch. Lupe is behind him. "Go! Go!" Q shouts. Pam gives it full throttle as Bond settles down, panting, in the co-pilot's seat. Sanchez, at the end of the runway, levels Uzi at the approaching plane and pulls the trigger as it becomes airborne. By now the gun is empty. "Shoot! Shoot!", he orders. The others hesitate. As the plane rears above Sanchez we see its logo: ISTHMUS CASINO. "But it's your plane, patron!" Dario tells him. Sanchez is almost convulsed with rage and frustration.

Pam and Bon are at the controls in the cockpit of the ultra posh casino plane. Q worn out but still enjoying himself, sits behind them. He never knew it was so much fun in the field. Pam says it's too bad they didn't get a chance to kill Sanchez. Bond says that's on ice until they find out where the oriental group went when they got to Oaxaca. Four agents were killed trying to break up Sanchez' operation. Bond wants to finish their job. Can Pam get them into Mexico without clearing customs' formalities? "If I can't, nobody can," she tells him. He rises, says he needs some rest. He'll spell her in two hours. He goes into the rear compartment of the plane, it is a luxuriously furnished state room dominated by a large double bed. He hears the sound of running water behind a door. He opens it to discover a well-appointed bathroom. Lupe is taking a shower. She has evidently been in the plane before. She sees him over the top of the glass shower door and smiles at him. Then she turns off the shower and asks him for a towel. He takes one off the rack and hands it toward her over the door. Instead she opens the door and takes it from him. He turns away with a smile obviously realizing she has made a not very subtle play for him and goes back into the stateroom. Behind him there is a glimpse of Lupe toweling herself. In the cockpit Pam looks a bit concerned. She turns on the intercom to "listen". Lupe, now in a silk robe, joins Bond. "James, what will we do? Franz will follow us. Kill us." "Not if I get him first." "But he is powerful, more even than the United States." She sits down on the edge of the bed. "I am frightened." She holds out her arm, takes his hand, and draws him to her. "Please hold me for a

little while." Bond puts his arm around her. Pam looks at Q. He has fallen asleep. Bond and Lupe settle down on the bed. She murmurs "That is better, much better." She kisses him passionately. Pam is still listening to them on the intercom. She jerks the controls. The plane bumps a little but not enough to distract Lupe. She is moving her body against Bond. Her ardor becomes more vocal. Pam scowls. She switches intercom form LISTEN to TALK. "Please fasten your seat belts. We're about to go through some turbulence." She turns the steering wheel to its chuck stop. The plane does a barrel roll. Lupe is tossed off the bed onto the floor. The plane rights itself. Bond is amused but Lupe shouts "Beetch!" at the top of her lungs.

In the casino penthouse Shekli is distraught. Who is this Bond? What does he want? "To destroy me," Sanchez replies. He speculates aloud. "He was with Kwang last night. If he was his captive or not he may have found out about the Hong Kong connection." Shekli agrees. Sanchez orders him to tell their people in Oaxaca to be on the look out for Bond.

In Oaxaca next morning the streets are crowded with tourists shopping or sightseeing. Music is audible from cafes and a strolling mariachi band in colorful native costume. A taxi moves slowly in traffic with donkey-drawn carts alongside motorized vehicles. Bond, in the taxi with Q, Pam, and Lupe tells them he and Pam will get off at the hotel. Q is to take Lupe to Leiter in Miami on the first available flight. Lupe is reluctant to leave Bond. He assures her Q will look after her until he rejoins them. As they stop at the hotel entrance they observe a bus from the Oaxaca Bible Institute parked there. A group of

obviously working class Americans in their best duds leave the bus and join a throng of others in the lobby. When Bond and Pam alight from taxi an Institute official glad-hands them while another pins buttons on their shirts. On the button is a double portrait of Deedie and Joe and the Institute slogan; "Salvation is as near as your T.V." "Sanchez was watching their program when I went to his office." he tells her. He takes off the button and leans back through taxi window handing it to Q, "Call Leiter in Miami. Tell him the Bible Institute may be a front for Sanchez."

One of the buses drives through desert terrain then turns into the Institute grounds. It stops outside a large stucco building with a red tile roof surmounted by a tower. Landscaped around it are palm trees, cacti and other desert shrubbery. A parking lot filled with cars is off to one side. Bond and Pam, appropriately dressed, get off the bus. He carries a bulging briefcase. She wears a wide skirt. As they walk toward the entrance they see a DC-3 land on an airstrip behind the building, "Oaxaca Bible Institute" lettered across the fuselage.

Airfield OBI DC-3 taxis up to group including Dario. Sanchez disembarks accompanied by Colonel Rios and a dozen of his men dressed in civilian clothes. Dario is surprised to see Sanchez. "I had to come", he tells Dario. "The Chinese are having second thoughts. They've heard rumors about Krest. That Kwang business upsets them. Then Bond taking Lupe and my plane. I have to show my face to prove everything's alright." His men unload metal air freight boxes and manhandle them into an armored truck. He tells Dario to go to the lab to get everything ready.

He'll stay with the truck.

At the Institute Deedie and Joe greet people in the lobby. Bond and Pam stop at the reception desk to register. A motherly white-haired old lady seated behind it regretfully informs them they are not on the list and as the conference is over-subscribed they cannot attend. Bond explains they have come all the way from England. He opens the brief case filled with money. "Our life savings" he tells her. Deedie, near them, hears him. she goes to the table, indicates the brief case. "Leave it, you dear people. There is always room at our inn for the faithful." Bond and Pam are given visitor's badges. The old lady tells them to join a group about to be taken on an orientation tour. As they walk toward it the old lady picks up walkie-talkie and calls for Shekli. He is back stage in the auditorium. "I think that man you were looking for is here with a woman, Mr. Shekli. They're on the tour," she informs him. He hands the walkie-talkie back to the security guard accompanying him. "Have them watched. Don't let them leave." Then he adds, "Alive". He then turns to the oriental group who are observing the preparation back stage. "Follow me, gentlemen."

Bond and Pam on tour of the Institute are taken with other visitors into the mailroom. It is an assembly line operation. Bags of mail are dumped on a table where they are split open by machine. The opened letters are delivered to computer operators who remove the cash and checks. These are placed on one conveyor belt. The addresses are entered into the computers memory and the letters are sent on another conveyor belt leading into the next room. Across the room from Bond and Pam, Shekli conducts

the oriental group on a private tour. Bond's guide explains that the Institute receives thousands of letters everyday. Although it is impossible for Deedie and Joe to answer each letter, they do read each one personally. Shekli takes his group through a door next to the place where the conveyor belt carrying the letters disappears through the wall. In the next room we see the conveyor belt end, dropping the letters into a large industrial shredder. Shekli and his group are on a gantry overlooking a large room where several people are working. Behind the group a set of steel doors open and the armored truck we last saw by the DC-3 drives in. Sanchez, Rios and a few men get out. Men manhandle metal case out of truck while Sanchez greets the oriental group. "The biggest problem we have is how to deal with all the cash," he explains. "Our operation generates a cash surplus of about ten million dollars a day. That is about half a ton of cash each and every day." To convert the cash into legitimate investments it must be laundered. His bank takes the cash claiming it is deposited by high volume cash business such as receipts from the casino operation and donations to the Bible Institute. Rios' men open the metal containers, they are stuffed with money in clear plastic bags. These are dropped in a shoot. Operators below open the bags and feed the cash into a gigantic sorting and counting machine. The group accompanies Sanchez down stairs to the counting room. He explains that each batch is counted, sorted by denomination and scanned by high speed cameras for counterfeits. The machine bands each denomination into packets of 100 bills. Then another machine binds the packets into groups of 10 and puts them into plastic bags. These are

boxed and shipped by forklift truck to a vault area; from where it is shipped weekly to the U.S. Federal Reserve Bank. The group follows him to the vault area where the boxes are stacked. On the way one of the group asks Sanchez how they enforce security among the workers. "We have an honor code", he tells them. "The employees work in groups of three. They are honor bound to report any infractions. If anyone breaches the honor code, he and every member of his group are immediately executed."

As tour guide leads Bond's group back to lobby, Bond sees Dario enter "restricted" area. He whispers to Pam he'll need his gun. They lag behind the others. He reaches up under her skirt. A small hand gun is strapped to each of her thighs. He takes one. "Be careful," she whispers, "don't commit suicide. Leave your self a way out." He nods. Their eyes meet for a moment. Bond says he'll meet her at the auditorium.

Sanchez and the oriental group leave vault area and walk along a subterranean tunnel which connects the Bible Institute to the lab. As they come to an elevator Sanchez hands out white filter masks. They are about to enter the cocaine processing area and must wear the masks to avoid getting high on the dust in the air.

Passing into restricted area Bond sees Dario at opposite end of corridor. He dons mask and enters door with posted guard who opens it for him. Several white coated technicians with masks come out of locker room near guarded door. Bond enters locker room equipped with sinks, urinals and toilet stall. Technician comes out of one of them, starts to wash his hands. Bond steps up behind him, poised to deliver karate chop.

In lobby guard who was with Shekli stands next to old lady as tour returns. They spot Pam, but Bond is missing. Guard speaks urgently into walkie-talkie. Bond, now wearing white lab coat and mask, heads toward guard at doorway. I.D. badge on his coat identifies him as Jose Pico. Guard waves him through.

In the lab Sanchez has just been informed that Bond is loose. He tells Dario to go up to the auditorium to see if he can spot him. He then turns to the oriental group and explains the lab's operations. He points to a large mixing vat containing a thousand gallons of gasoline. Technicians dump in kilo bags of cocaine. "The cocaine easily disappears in gasoline", he tells them. He calls over his chief chemist to demonstrate. In the background Bond has slipped in among the other technicians, eavesdropping near the group. The chemist dissolves a few milligrams of cocaine in a small beaker of gasoline. "How do you get it out?" one of the group asks. "Easy", Sanchez tells them, "Watch". The chemist gestures to Bond speaking to him in spanish. He tells Bond to bring the ammonium hydroxide on the table. Bond hesitates, "In the ehrlenmeier-flask", the chemist shouts impatiently. Bond reaches for the wrong flask. "No, that one!" the chemist points. Bond brings it. Sanchez eyes him suspiciously. The chemist adds the liquid to the mixture, the cocaine parcipitates out. He then recovers it by pouring the liquid through filter paper. Sanchez explains that they put the cocaine-gas mixture into the reserve tanks of the Bible Institute's planes and make weekly deliveries to every major city in the U.S. But that system is not practical for shipments to Hong Kong because the planes need their reserve tanks to cross

the pacific. Therefore, he has chartered a tanker ship to sail to Hong Kong. The forward compartment will be filled with the special mixture. A fleet of tanker trucks will deliver a concentrated mixture to the ship this afternoon in Acapulco. He will send his chief chemist to Hong Kong to supervise the conversion after the tanker has cleared customs. "You can keep the gas as a bonus," he laughs. "And should you ever be discovered," he strikes a match and drops it into the beaker of gasoline. It bursts into flames. "The evidence goes up in smoke." He looks over the group. "I guarantee a tanker load per month. What do you say, compadre? In or out?" They enthusiastically accept the deal. Sanchez is elated. He escorts them out to a helicopter which will take them to Acapulco so they can observe the loading operation. At the door he whispers to Rios to hold Jose until he returns.

In the auditorium Pam files in with the crowd to hear Deedie and Joe. As she takes a seat near the aisle, she sees Dario enter looking for the security guard who has been following her. Dario speaks briefly to him. When guard turns to point Pam out her seat is vacant. She is mingling backstage with choir members, stagehands, electricians, etc. She dons a choir gown and joins them on stage behind Deedie and Joe.

In lab Rios and two henchmen walk toward Bond. Sensing he has been recognized, he edges away. Rios draws gun and covers him, then snatches off Bond's mask. Bond deftly picks up one of the ehrlenmeier flasks and throws the contents into Rios' face. As he instinctively flinches and drops his gun Bond tries to draw his but burly henchman unexpectedly throws his arms around him

bucket, keeping him at bay. Dario climbs up and grapples with Bond, and flings him on the moving belt of the shredder. He hits Bond with an iron bar, stunning him. As he starts to choke him the door to the mail room opens suddenly. It is Pam in the choir gown lit by the light from the room behind giving her an etherial appearance. Dario is transfixed. "You're dead," he exclaims hoarsely. "You took the words right out of my mouth", she says and shoots him. He falls over the railing into the shredder. Bond pulls his feet free from the bucket. Braun and Perez, hearing gunshot, rush in through the opposite door. Bond pulls her into the mail room. Their escape is cut off by security guards who chase them into the T.V. auditorium. The audience is quiet. Joe and Deedie are speaking in hushed tones telling the audience they are searching for "Channelers" to join their ministry. They are people who can help others discover their incarnations. Bond and Pam edge toward the front as the security guards come in the side door and head for them. INSERT: the detonator timer shows a minute to go. The guards are reluctant to make a scene in front of everyone on live T.V. Bond leaps up on stage. He is "channeling". He was a smuggler in his past life.

In the hospital room Leiter recognizes Bond on T.V.

In the studio a security guard heads for control booth to pull the plug on the show. Bond says he worked at the port in Acapulco. He repeats it "Acapulco!" Joe Butcher is impressed. Security guards burst into control booth and cut program. The T.V. goes blank in Leiter's hospital room. Leiter turns to Hawkins, "Get commander Rojas of the Mexican Nation Police on the

from behind in a bearlike grip. Rios picks up his gun, then takes Bond's. Sanchez returns to the lab with Perez and Braun. He strides up to Bond arrogantly. "What is this vendetta, Senor Bond?" "Felix Leiter," Bond replies evenly. "The American drug agent? What is he? Nothing!" "My friend. A man you couldn't buy." "Too bad for him," Sanchez chuckles "So where is he now? Selling pencils in the street?" "No, Sanchez. He's after your head. You can't stop men like him." "Bravo!," he applauds mockingly. "Big talk. From a dead man". He turns to Rios. "Call Dario, tell him to meet us by the vault." He gestures toward Bond, "Get him out of here". After Perez and Braun take Bond away Sanchez asks Shekli for the red key. Puzzled he hands it to him. They go to a wall panel. Sanchez opens it with the red key. Inside is a detonator. He sets it for 10 minutes. "Why?" Shekli asks. Sanchez tells him if Bond knows about the Bible Institute he must have told others. "When the police come, what will they find?" He answers his own question. "Ashes".

In the auditorium Dario on walkie-talkie is told to meet Bond. Pam, still at the back of the choir, watches him slip out a side door back stage.

Bond, in the vault area with Perez, Braun and Rios, is joined by Sanchez, Shekli and Dario. While Perez and Braun bind Bond's arms, Sanchez steps up to have a last word. "Dario owes you some pain. I promised he could have you." He steps up to Dario, pats his cheek. "Amuse yourself, Amigo." He exits with everyone but Dario and henchman. Outside in the hallway Shekli glances at his watch, "Shouldn't we tell Dario he only has seven minutes left"? "No!" Sanchez barks, "He has made too many

mistakes lately".

Standing among the choristers Pam waits anxiously. Joe Butcher comes on stage. He tells people in their homes, watching on their T.V. screens, to place their left hand on the afflicted parts of their body. The program continues on the T.V. in Leiter's hospital room. Leiter, in bed, is watching T.V. screen. Hawkins enters. He notes the program. "When did you see the light?" Hawkins asks. Leiter tells him to watch. He had a message from Q that Bond went to the Bible Institute. He thinks it may connected to Sanchez. Joe, on T.V. screen, holds out his hand. The camera zooms in. "Touch it! Touch it! Feel the healing power!" he exhorts. Hawkins touches the screen. "Hey! I felt something," he tells Leiter. "Static electricity on the T.V. screen", Leiter informs him cynically.

In the counting room Dario puts Bond on the conveyor belt leading to the shredder. He turns it on. The belt starts to move slowly taking Bond toward the whirling metal knives. Several feet away Bond spots a stainless steel bucket beside the belt. He has enough play in his straps to swing his legs and jam both feet into the bucket. Then he swings his legs back onto the belt the instant before his foot reaches the knives of the shredder. The knives shatter as they hit the bucket. Bond falls through the shredder miraculously unscathed. Parez runs toward Bond who swings up his bucket encased feet catching him under the chin. The henchman falls, out for the count. Bond squirms out of the straps binding his arms and pulls himself up the side of the shredder while trying to kick his feet free of the bucket. Dario grabs at him, but Bond manages to shield himself with the

phone. Something's going down at the port in Acapulco". Now that they are off the air, the security guards draw their guns and close in on Pam and Bond. It looks hopeless. Suddenly there is a tremendous explosion. Pandemonium breaks lose. The audience rushes outside. The lab and counting room are burning. Money is falling from the skys. "Manna from heaven!" It's a miracle!" someone shouts. The people rush around snatching up the money.

Bond and Pam crouch down in foliage running along the side of the building and move through it to the back. From there they can see a convoy of five large petrol tankers with the utility truck ready to pull out. Rios' men ride shotgun in separate cars. Bond tells Pam he has to somehow delay the convoy. He tells her to get back up to the Institute and tell the police about the convoy. They can intercept it at Acapulco. She heads back toward the auditorium. Bond edges closer to the convoy. Some of the drivers are already behind the wheels. Others still stand beside their cabs. Bond gets behind the driver of the tanker in front of the utility truck with the obvious intention of rendering him hors de combat and taking his place. But his plane is frustrated when the driver gets into the cab prematurely. A limo with Sanchez, Shekli and two Rios men, one driving, approaches as Rios in a souped up Merc arrives from the opposite direction. Bond ducks down and crawls under the tanker. The limo stops beside the Merc. Sanchez tells Rios they must get started. Bond crawls out from under the tanker on the side away from them and sees the rear door of the utility truck is open. He gets into it. Driver of utility truck yells for two of Rios'

men with rifles to hurry up. They start toward it. Bond slips into a toilet at the rear of the truck and locks it just before the Rios men climb in. The convoy moves out. In the toilet there is a small louvred window about head high that overlooks the back of the driver's cab. He uses the buckle of his belt to unscrew the fasteners holding the louvre frames. Pam watches the convoy disappear around a bend in the road. She sees three heavily armed men searching the building headed her way. She looks around desperately for a place to hide. Toward the airstrip she sees a crop duster being refueled.

The convoy proceeds along the road. In the utility truck one of the Rios men goes to the door of the toilet. He finds it locked. No response. Both men are alarmed. Bond has succeeded in removing the louvres. He gets out the window just before the men break in and see his feet disappear. He lowers himself head first onto the prime mover and clings to the road emergency box. He is now between the prime mover and the utility truck. One of the men gets his rifle and takes a shot at Bond through the window while the other uses a walkie-talkie radio to contact Sanchez. At the head of the convoy in the limo Sanchez orders his driver to turn around. The limo does a skidding u-turn and goes back toward the utility truck. Bond opens emergency road box with flares, medical kit, etc. He grabs a handful of flares and ducks back under the window just as the man at it gets a bead on him. Bond sets off a flare and thrusts it toward his face, simultaneously grabbing the rifle barrel near the muzzle. The man falls back away from the window leaving Bond with the gun. He throws another flare into the toilet forcing the men back into

the rear of the truck. Bond, leaning out and looking ahead, sees the Sanchez limo coming toward him. He moves to the passenger side of the cab, opens the door and gets in beside the driver. He points the rifle at him and tells him to jump. Meanwhile the Sanchez limo has made another u-turn and comes alongside the cab of the utility truck. As Sanchez and his men fire at Bond, now behind the wheel, the truck driver leaps from it onto the hood of the limo. Oncoming traffic force it onto the shoulder of the opposite side of the road. The driver loses his hold on limo hood and falls into the path of oncoming cars, which swerve to avoid hitting him. Bond then bumps the limo off the road. Limo driver pulls ahead to avoid the bumping. Sanchez radios Rios to set up a road block at the next cross road and tells him he will meet him there. The limo then pulls ahead of the convoy.

The convoy is well spread out as it reaches a stretch of uphill curves. Bond accelerates to pass the last tanker. The road narrows as they enter a curve. Bond bounces off tanker. He spins out. The rear of the utility truck also skids toward a precipitous drop before he can brake it to a stop. The tanker stops on the curve. The driver gets out angrily. Rios men in the rear of the utility truck open door and discover they are hanging over the brink of the drop with no way out. Bond jumps out of cab, not realizing his weight was keeping the whole rig from sliding over drop off. The front of the prime mover starts to rise. Bond stands on bumper trying to hold it down. Irate tanker driver reaches Bond. Bond asks him to help keep bumper down. Driver does. Bond jumps off the bumper leaving the tanker driver holding it. He berates Bond who gets into the cab of the

tanker and drives away.

At the cross roads Rios and his men have stopped and intimidated drivers of produce and passenger cars into letting them use them for a road block. They are lined up across the road, blocking it except for a gap in the center through which the tankers can pass. On an overlook Sanchez in his limo watches the fourth tanker go through it. He radios for Rios to send a carload of men to find the fifth tanker.

On the airstrip at the Institute Pam gets into the cockpit of the crop duster and pulls away as the pilot runs after her, shouting. She takes off.

Bond, driving the fifth tanker, sees car with Rios men headed for him. He bears down on it. They chicken and turn away to avoid a head on collision. He sideswipes their car. It piles up in a ditch. One of them staggers out and radios Sanchez somebody has hijacked the fifth tanker.

At the roadblock a Rios man drives another commandeered car into the gap. Other men wait to greet "hijacker" with a fusillade. Pam, in the crop duster plane, sees the road block and circles overhead looking for Bond. She watches the last tanker round curves. In the cab Bond reacts to the road block ahead. He speeds up, turns sharply and brakes just ahead of it. His tank trailer skids and smashes into half the vehicles of the road block, sweeping them away. (See diagram A1, in appendix.) He then straightens out the rig and accelerates away in a hail of bullets.

Rios in his Merc has joined Sanchez. They have seen Bond go through the road block. Rios tells him to stay with the convoy.

He'll personally stop Bond. We see his men planting explosives just below a twisting road cut into a sheer cliff. Bond in the tanker drives along it toward the explosives. Pam in the cropduster gives him thumbs up. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion ahead of him. Half the road falls away. Disaster appears inevitable. He steers tanker onto a sloping rock formation beside the remaining shoulder of the road. The rig tilts onto its inside wheels and takes him safely past the yawning drop. (Note: See diagram A2 in appendix.) Rios men fire fuselage after the tanker just as it starts to round a curve. Bullets burst a rear tire. Bond can not control the tanker. It careens to a halt. He gets out of the cab to survey the damage. Then he looks down and sees the convoy progressing toward a valley via switchbacks winding down toward it. He disconnects prime mover, gets back into the cab and backs up the trailer so that the end of it teeters on the edge of the cliff. Rios sends the men who were waiting for Bond at the road block back toward him. As they approach him, Pam flies in low almost at road level and forces them to scatter. Bond gives trailer just enough push with the prime mover to send it crashing down slope onto the road below where it crashes into one of the other tankers. (Note: See diagram A3 in appendix.) Both plunge into the road below and burst into flames. Shekli, with Sanchez, is frantic: Two tankers gone. Sanchez says they'll just have to raise the price on what's left. Bond gets on the prime mover and races after the three remaining tankers. They have been slowed down and are bunched up. Pam sees them from the plane. She flies low over them releasing the crop spray insecticide which

envelopes them in thick choking smog. One driver, blinded, loses control of his tanker, narrowly misses Sanchez' limo, crashes over steep hillside and bursts into flames. Sanchez' limo has piled up in a ditch. He and Shekli, both shaken up, climb out. "Boss, we're through," Shekli tells him despairingly. "Bond's beaten you!" Sanchez shouts, "Traitor!", reaches into the limo for the Uzi and blows Shekli away. He flags down one of the two tankers left and gets into the cab with the driver. He'll ride shotgun himself. Bond, in the prime mover, sees Rios men ahead waiting for him. They fire at him. He does a "wheelie", lifting the front wheels, so that the gunfire hits the underside of the prime mover. (Note: See sketch A4 in appendix.) Pam has seen him foil the ambush. She flies past him, "wiggling" the wings. Bond catches up with last tanker. They are traveling sixty miles per hour on a straight road. Bond pulls up to rear of tanker and sets cruise control. He opens door, stepping onto running board, then stretches out to reach valve at rear of tanker. Before he can get it open the tanker reaches a bend in the road. Prime mover continues straight ahead. Bond is stretched between the two vehicles as they move apart. He holds onto piping of tanker as his feet fall off the prime mover. He is dragged along and finally manages to climb up onto the rear of the tanker. He looks up as shots ring out. Two carloads of Rios' men are chasing him. He quickly turns the outlet valve at rear of the tanker. The petrol-cocaine mixture makes the road slippery as it spills out. The drivers of the skidding cars lose control and collide. Bond sees Pam overhead and beckons to her. She flies directly above him, low enough for him to grab the axle of the

plane's undercarriage. She lifts him off and flies to the next tanker. Sanchez turns and sees Bond drop on to the top of his tanker. Bond scrambles down and opens the outlet valve. Sanchez orders driver to stop. He jams on the brakes. Bond is thrown forward along the top of truck. He is hurled against the back of the cab, stunned, and falls onto the rear of the prime mover. Sanchez snatches a machete from between the seats, climbs out and slashes at Bond. He misses, but severs the hydraulic brake lines. The tanker immediately starts to roll down a steep slope. Sanchez gets to outlet valve. He closes it, but gets drenched with gasoline in the process. He holds on at rear of tanker as it picks up speed. He and Bond play cat and mouse as they clamber over tanker. Every time Bond sticks his head up Sanchez hacks at him.

At the port gate in Acapulco, several limos and Mexican police cars are in evidence. The Hong Kong group in handcuffs stand under guard nearby. Rojas with binoculars watches approach to port. He spots runaway tanker headed their way. On it Sanchez is fighting hand to hand with Bond. Tanker hits parked car and "jackknifes". It rolls onto its side throwing Bond clear. Bond is dazed. Sanchez limps over to him. He raises the machete to decapitate him. Bond suddenly rolls away, then eludes Sanchez long enough to light the flare he took from the emergency box. He thrusts burning flare into Sanchez' face. Sanchez' clothes, drenched in gasoline, ignite, turning him into a human torch. He staggers blindly stepping into a stream of gasoline leaking from the overturned tanker setting it alight. The flame runs along the stream toward the tanker. Bond tries to crawl

away. The tanker explodes in a fireball, knocking Bond flat. Pam lands her plane on the road. She rushes to him, pulls him away from the flames. As she kneels, beside him, the tears in her eyes tells us how much she cares for him. Bond looks up at her and smiles.

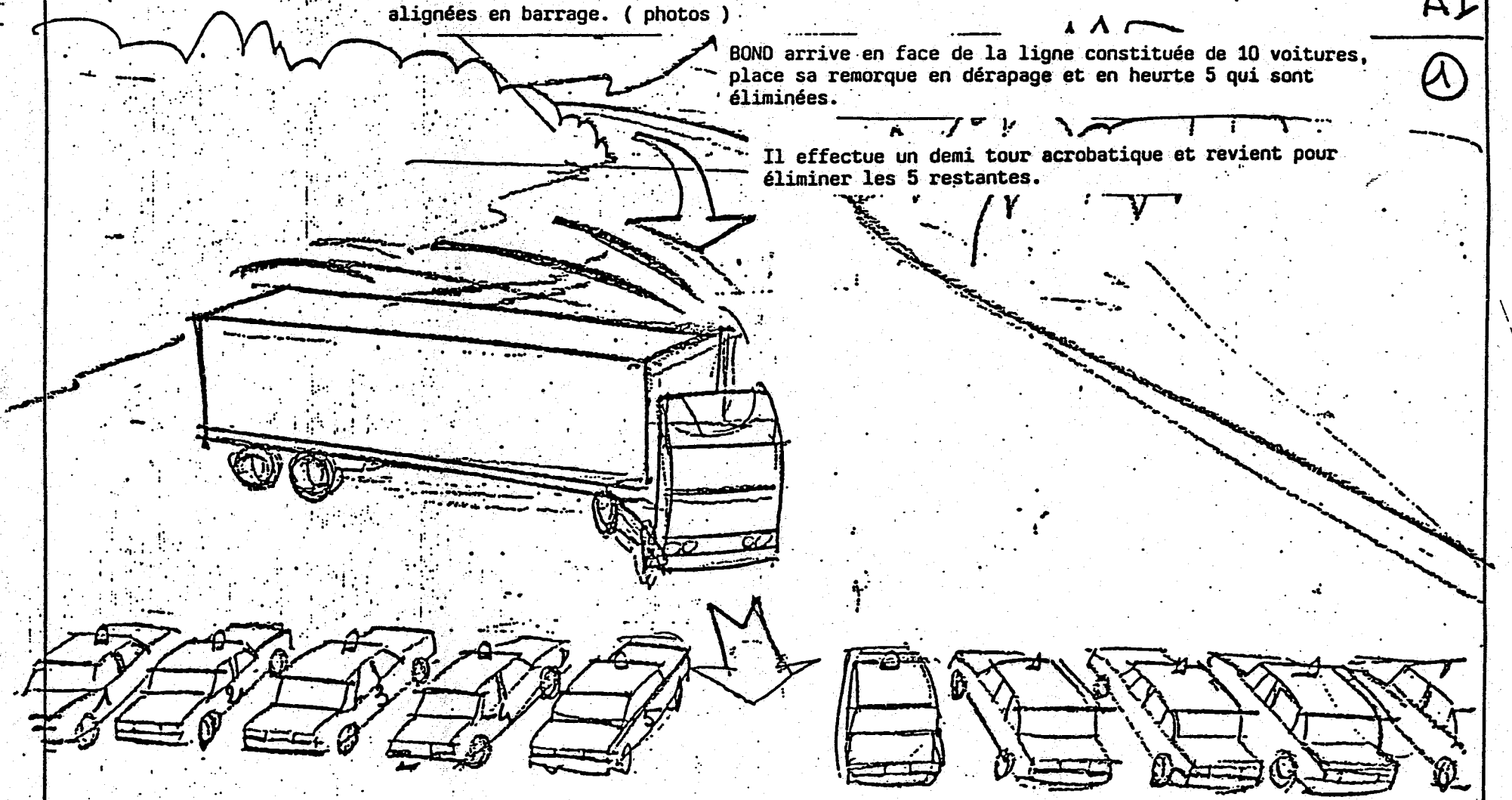
Mexican fiesta Acapulco. Pam and Q are at table in patio. She wears her leather vest. She sees Bond approach, one arm in a sling, talking to Lupe. Only their heads are visible above the crowds. Pam is miffed. As crowd thins we see Lupe is pushing Leiter in a wheel chair. They arrive at the table. It seems Lupe has found her true vocation taking care of Leiter. Q tells Bond M wants him to return at once for re-assignment. Pam says, "You need R and R first. Why don't you buy a yacht for a three month sail on the Caribbean with me." Bond asks what they will use for money. She opens one of the padded sections of her vest. It is stuffed with packets of hundred dollar bills. "You didn't think I was going to let you put all that cash in the decompression chamber, did you? I'm a practical woman." Bond says he won't be much use to her with one arm. "For what I have in mind, you won't need your hands," she tells him.

A1

1. Eliminer successivement 5 voitures et 5 autres voitures alignées en barrage. (photos)

BOND arrive en face de la ligne constituée de 10 voitures, place sa remorque en dérapage et en heurte 5 qui sont éliminées.

Il effectue un demi tour acrobatique et revient pour éliminer les 5 restantes.



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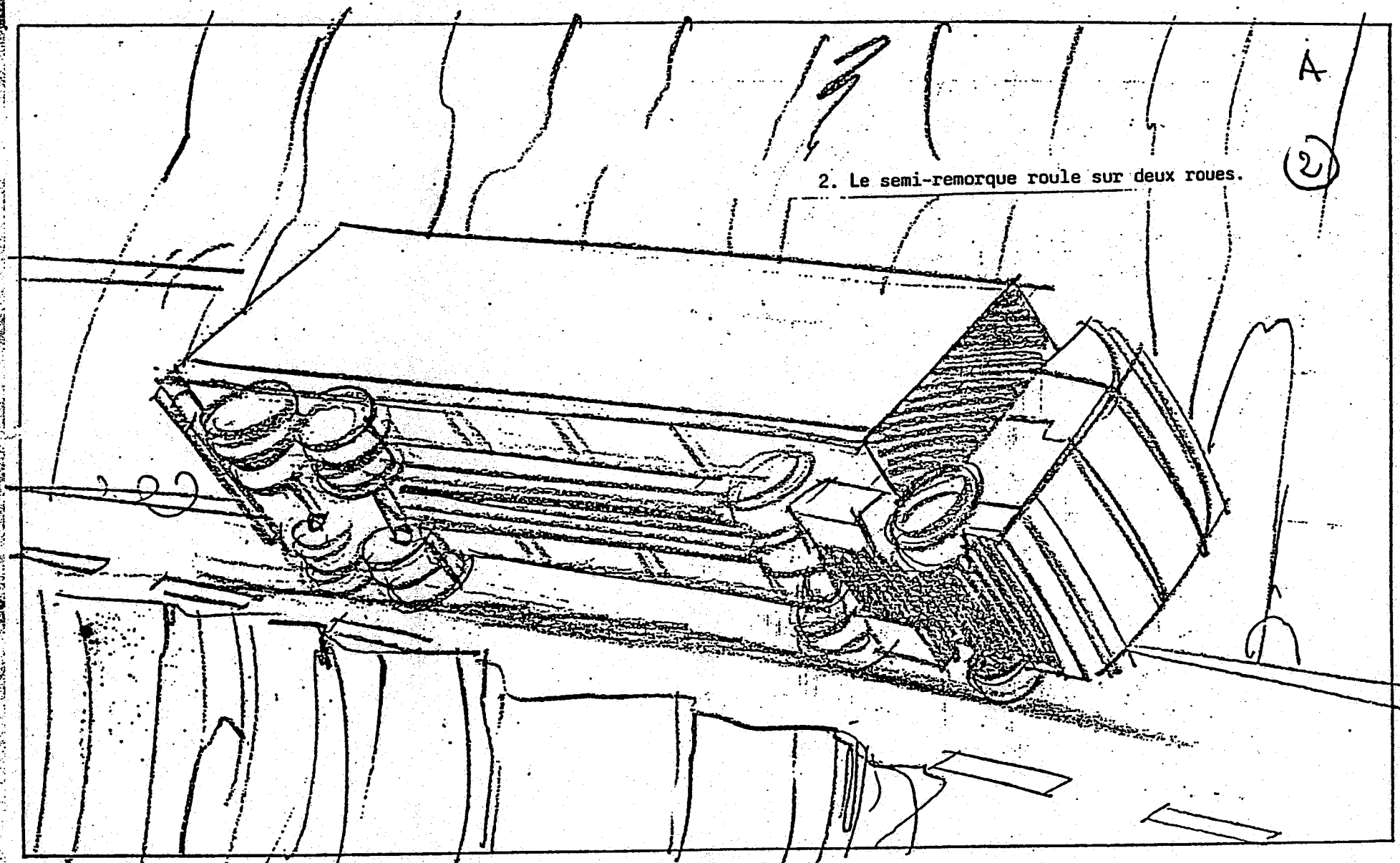

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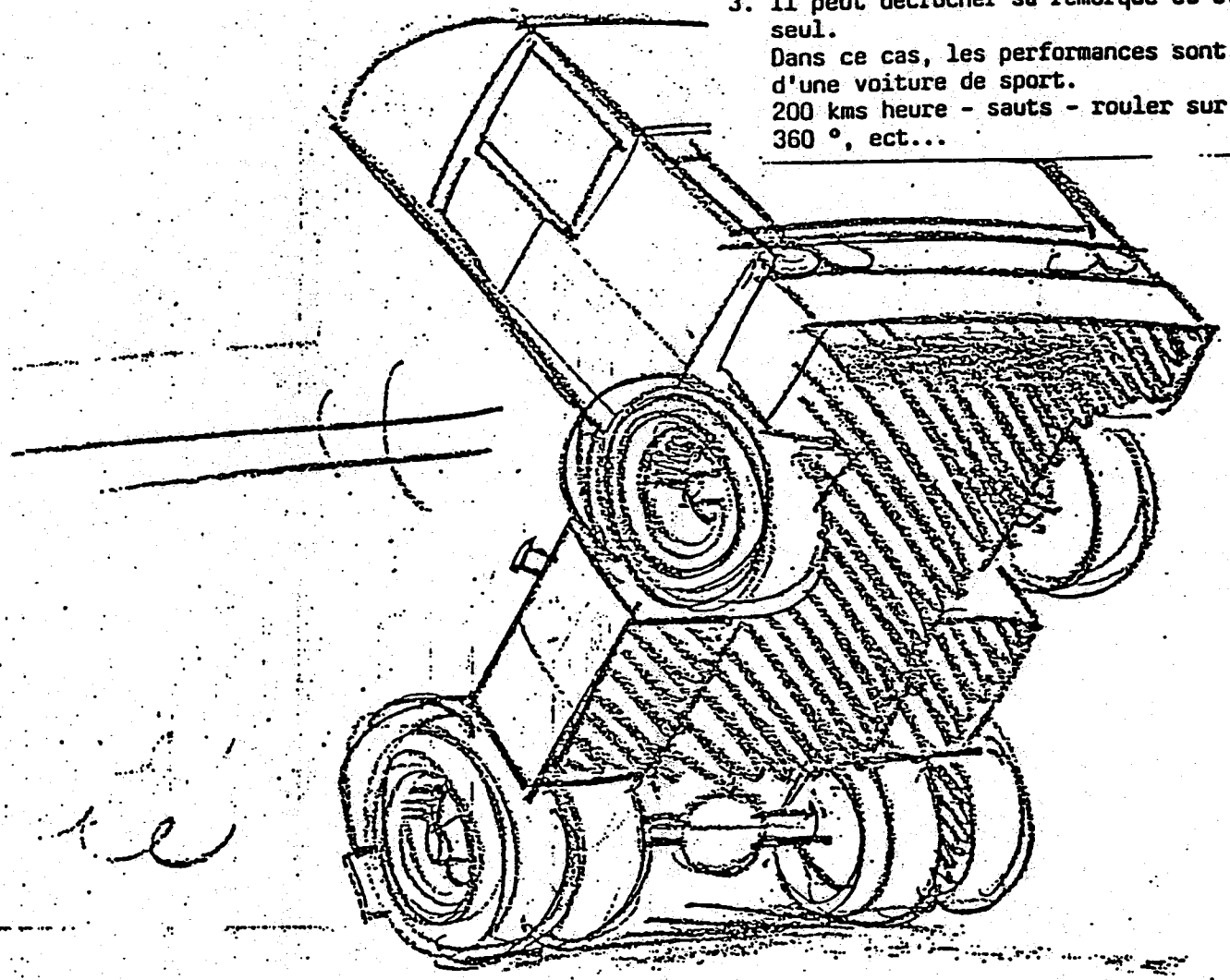

3. Il peut décrocher sa remorque et évoluer avec le tracteur seul.
Dans ce cas, les performances sont comparables à celles d'une voiture de sport.
200 kms heure - sauts - rouler sur deux roues - 180 ° - 360 °, ect...

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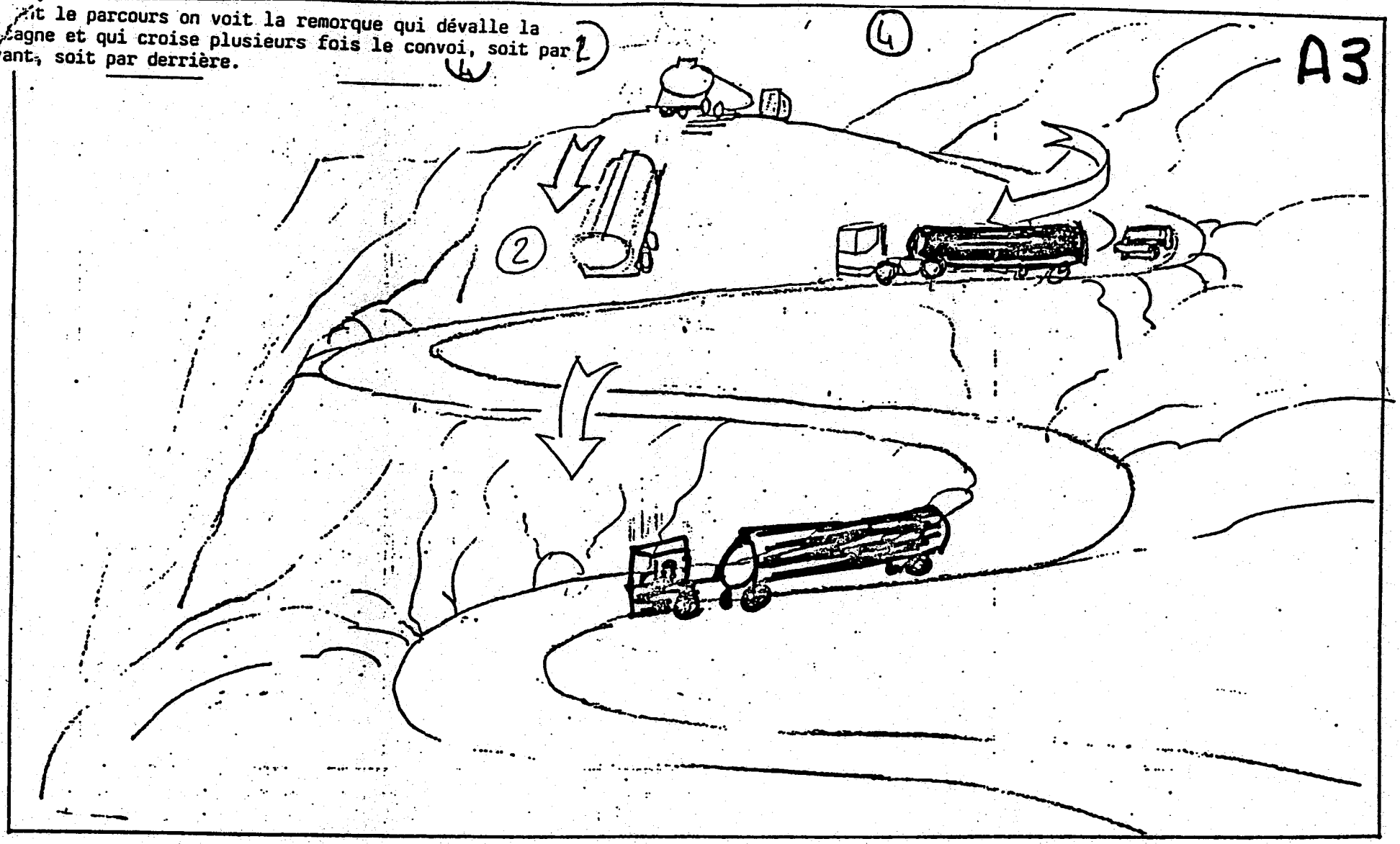
...it le parcours on voit la remorque qui dévalle la ...agne et qui croise plusieurs fois le convoi, soit par ...vant, soit par derrière.



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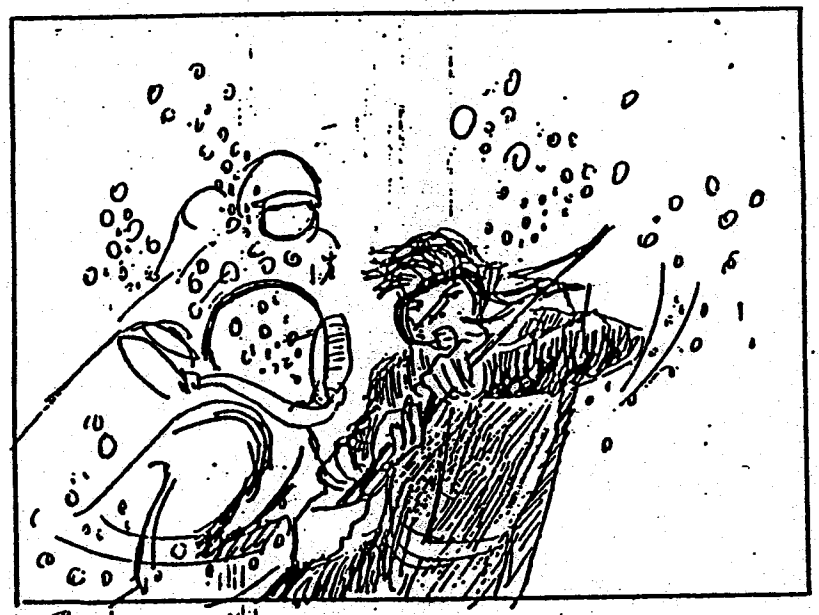
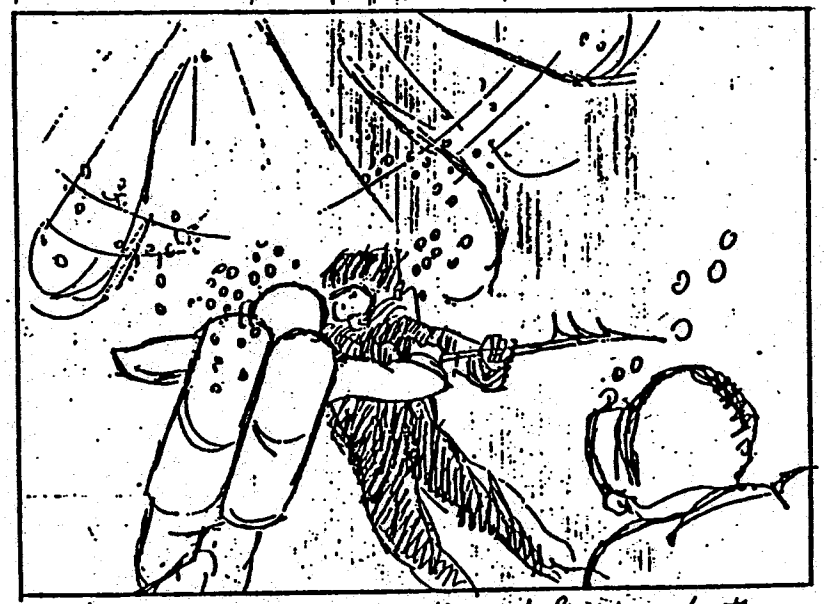
APPENDIX 5

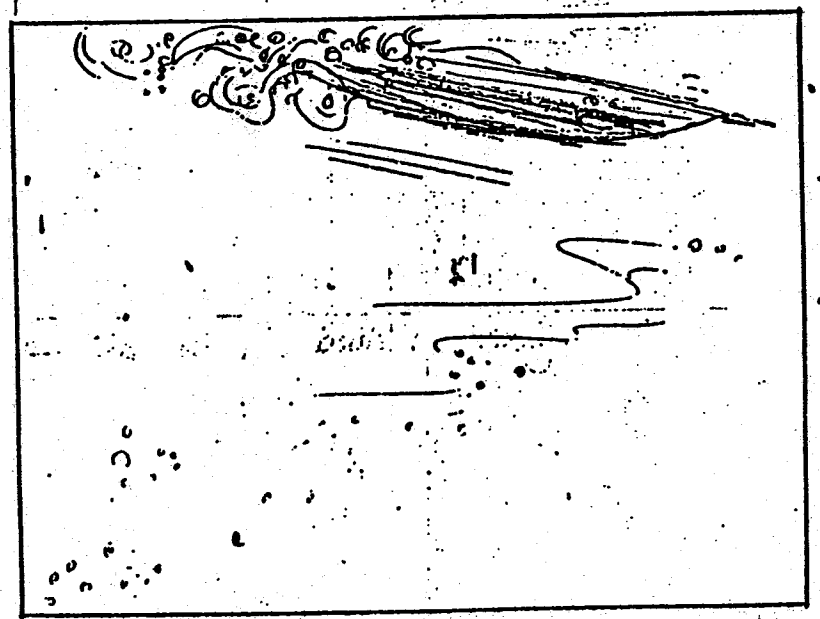


9. Bond grabs the speargun.

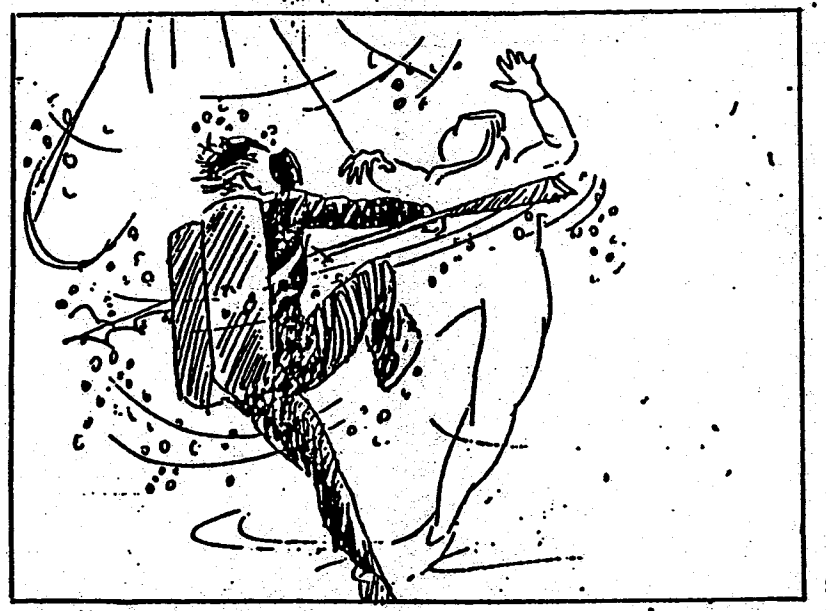


10. He and the gunman wrestle.. drift closer to the blades.

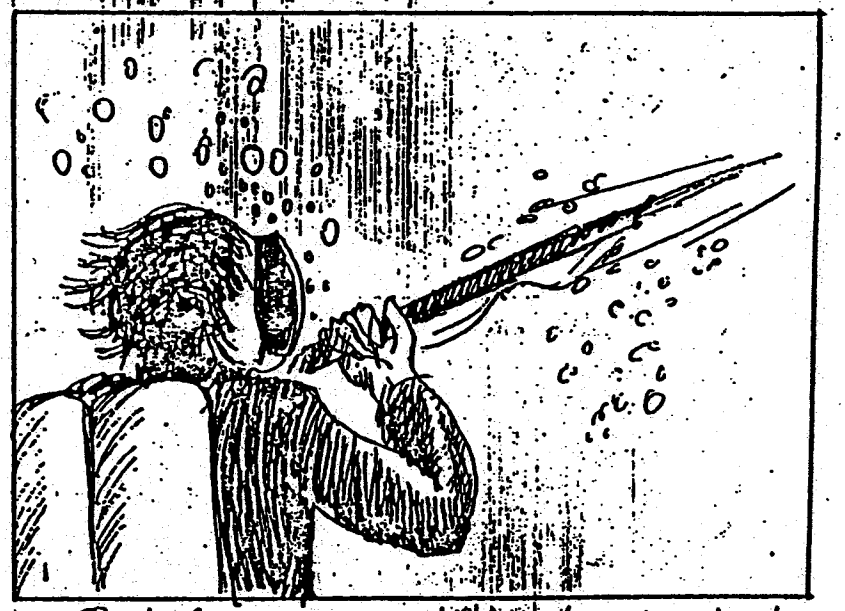
11 Bond sees a movement up on the surface.



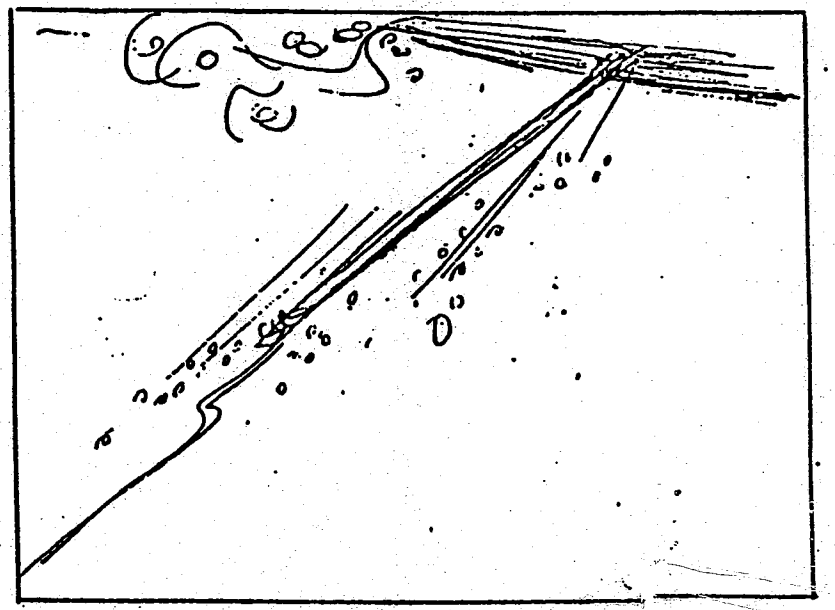
12. One of the boats is leaving.



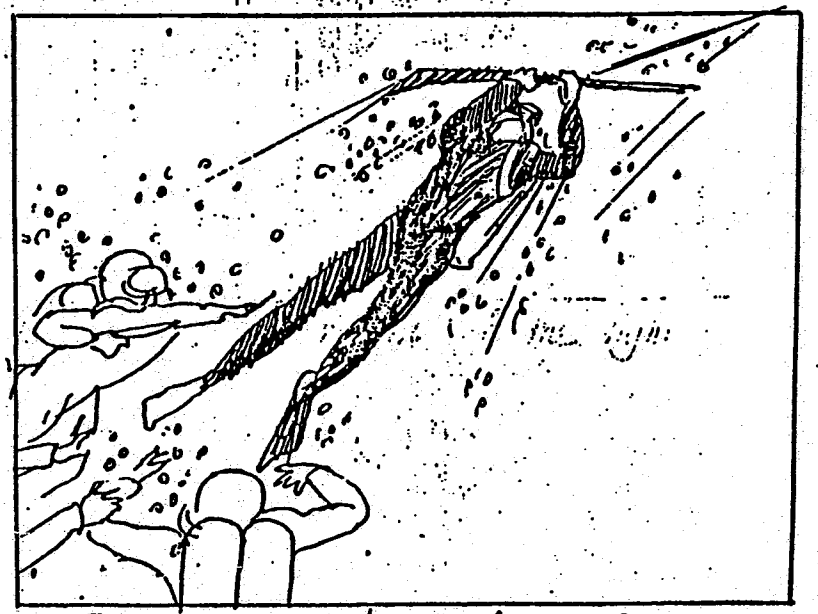
13. He swings around and kicks his attacker into the propeller blades. The water turns red.



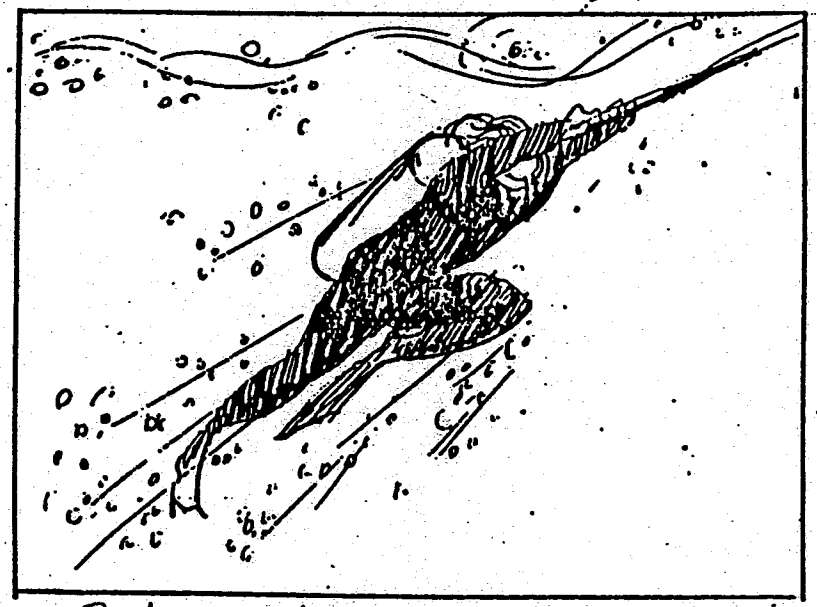
14. Bond fires the spear at the departing boat



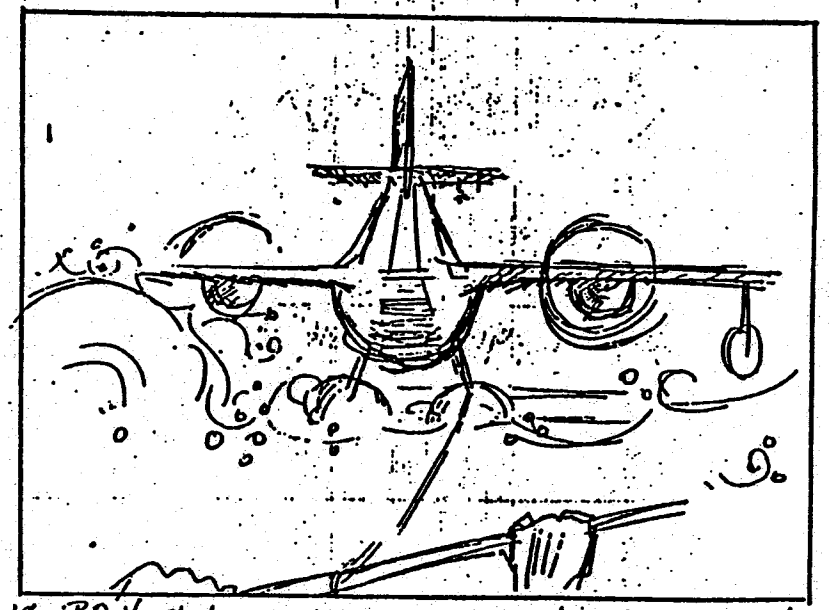
15. The spear penetrates the hull.



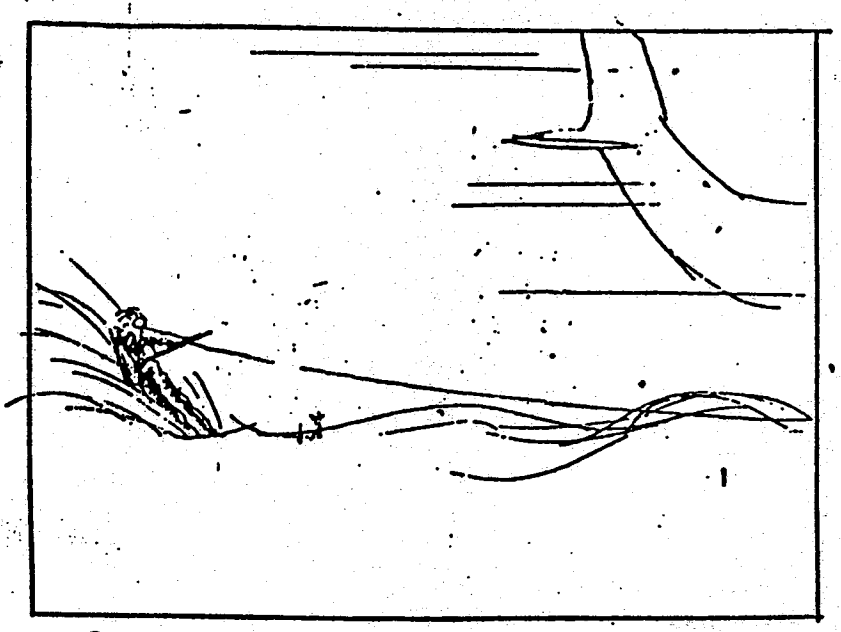
16. Bond is wrenched out of the light.



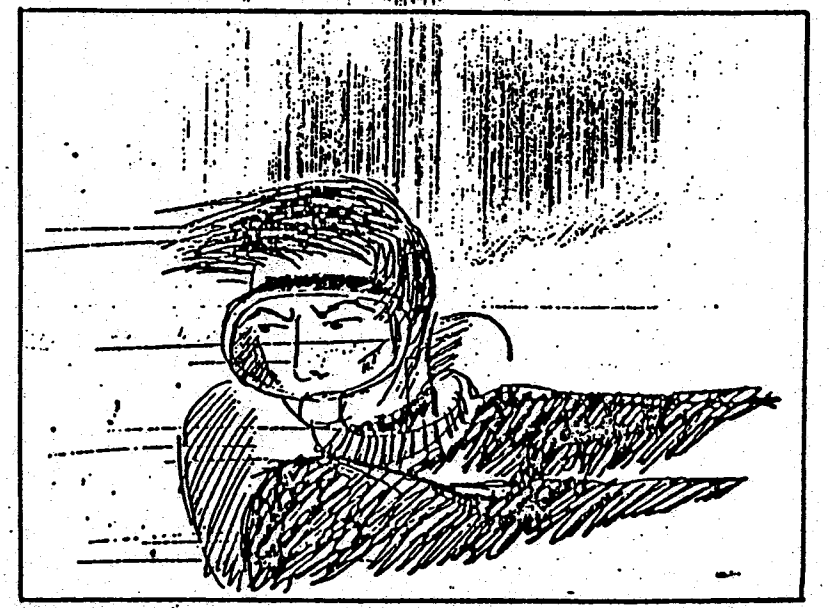
17. Bond is pulled through the water to the surface...



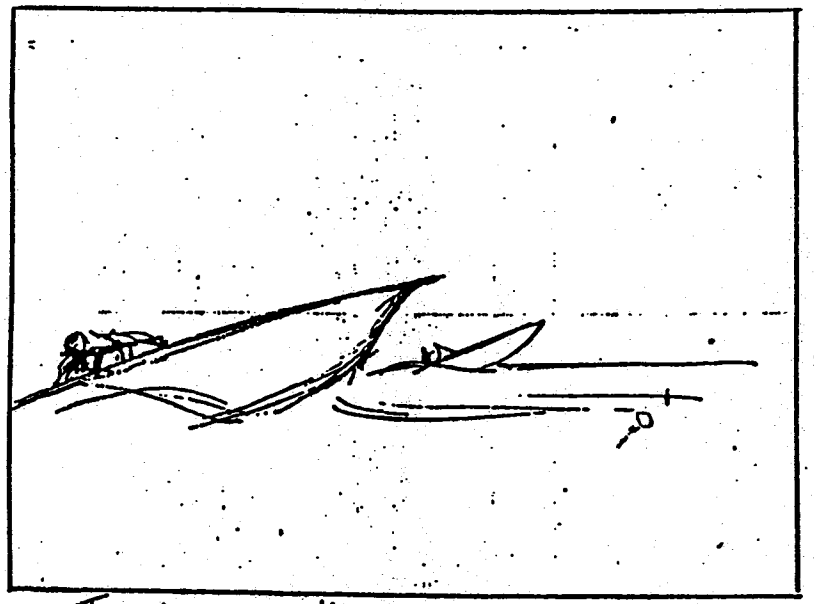
18. P.O.V. shot as he comes up. He's being towed by a plane.



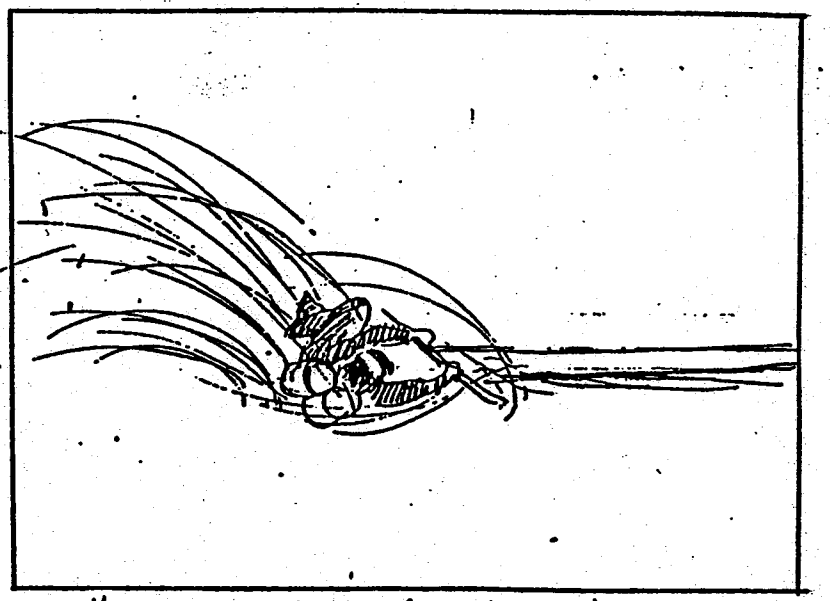
19. Bond skis the surface.



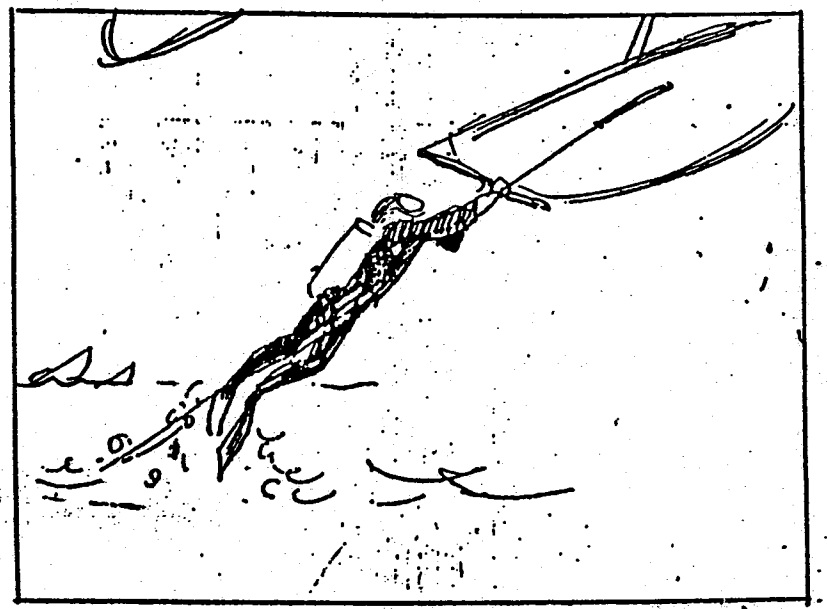
20. He hears weapon fire.



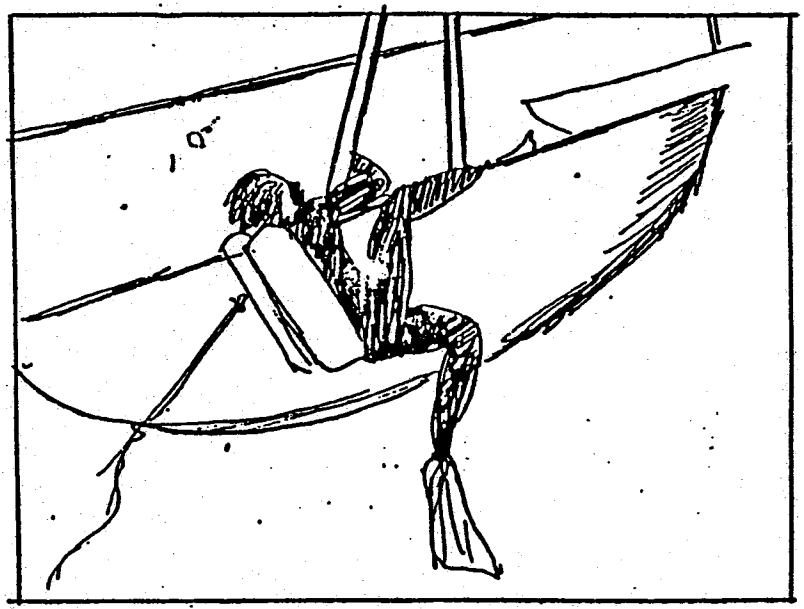
21. Two high powered craft are following the plane.



22. He rolls on the surface to send up a spray screen.



23. The plane lifts off.



24. Bond climbs onto the pontoon.